YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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1944

By the men . . . for the men in the service

HELLO, FRANCE

An Eyewitness Report on the Fighting at Saipan

PAGE 4

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A gun crew on Wakde lets the Nips have one. The 105-mm howitzer is at full recoil. GI at right has just pulled the lanyard while another reports to the OP on his field phone.

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PICTURE the spot the U S would be in if its air forces and fleet were weakened and outnumbered and two strong German task forces moved into the Caribbean Sea, landing troops and establishing bases in the Bahamas and the Virgin Islands.

Roughly speaking, Japan found itself in almost that kind of a predicament when the amphibious forces of Adm. Chester W. Nimitz and Gen. Douglas MacArthur captured Saipan in the Marianas and Wakde, Biak and Numfor in Netherlands New Guinea, thus opening a new phase of the war in the Pacific.

Saipan is about the same distance from Tokyo as Nassau in the Bahamas is from New York. Numfor, another 100 miles west of Biak, is only 800 miles from the southern shore of the Philippines, approximately the distance between the Virgin Islands and Cuba.

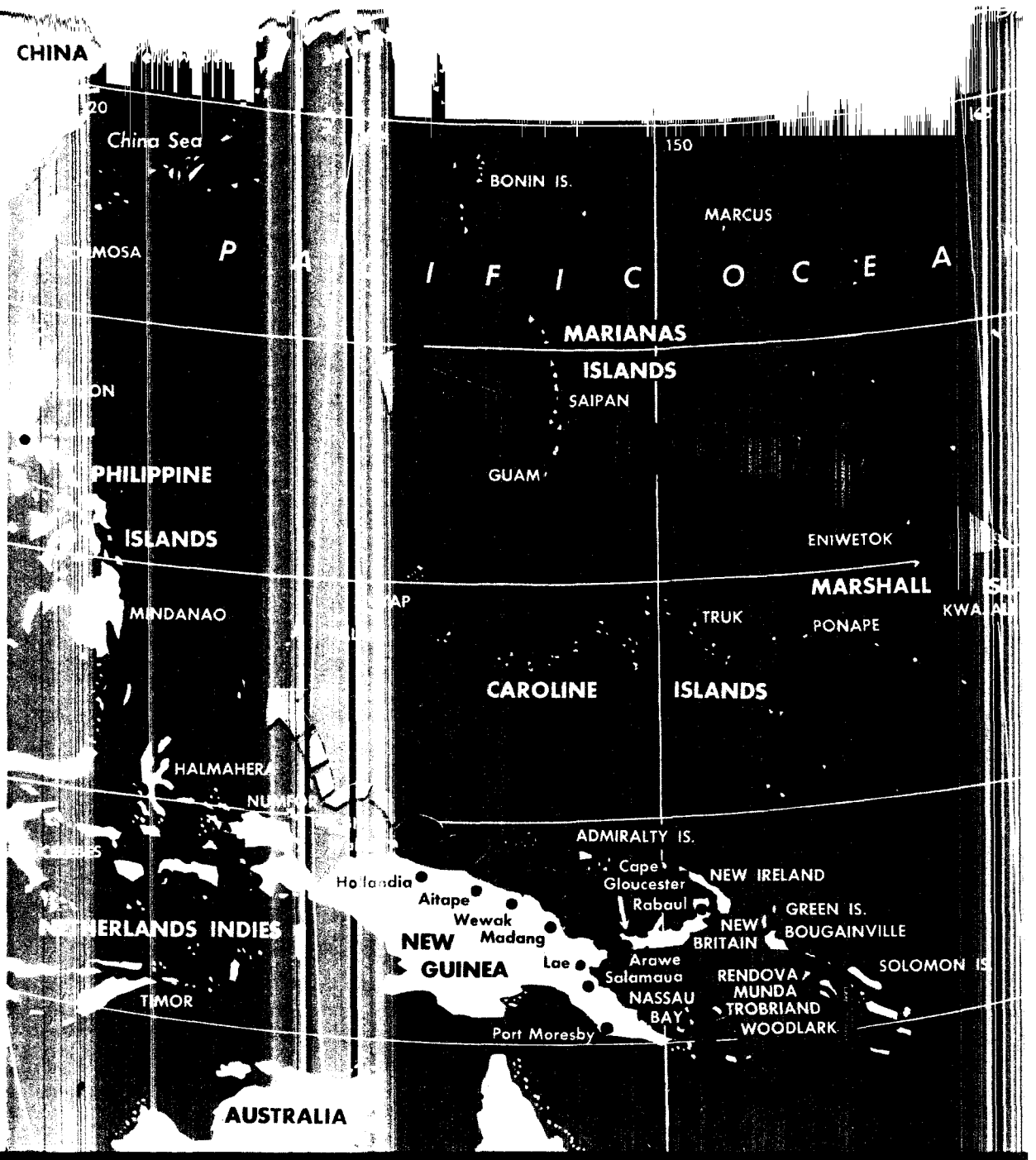
These two moves by the Nimitz and MacArthur forces change the whole geographical picture of our war with Japan in the Pacific.

The taking of Saipan really completes the American drive through the Central Pacific, which started at Tarawa and Makin in the Gilberts and continued at Kwajalein and Eniwetok in the Marshalls. The powerful forces under Adm. Nimitz are now in a position to fight in Western Pacific waters and islands. Sunday punch of these forces is Vice Adm. Marc A. Mitscher's tremendous TF 58, probably the greatest naval task force in history, with more than 1,000 planes and more than 850 guns.

And, as Gen. MacArthur has pointed out himself, the seizure of Biak "marks the practical end of the New Guinea campaign." He has secured bases for attacks on the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines.

That was the objective of the long, hard offensive that opened on June 30, 1943, with a three-pronged drive at Nassau Bay, south of Salamaua in New Guinea, at Rendova and Munda in New Georgia and at the islands of Trobriand and Woodlark between New Guinea and the Solomons.

This 12-month drive added many famous jungle, air and naval battles to the history of the war. It featured the spectacular paratroop attack on Lae that led to the fall of Salamaua.



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CAPTURE OF SAIPAN, BIAK AND NUMFOR CHANGES ITS FAMILIAR SCENERY.

Then it swept on to Finschhafen, farther up the New Guinea coast, and struck across the sea to Arawe and Cape Gloucester in New Britain, where 7,000 Japs were destroyed in two months.

After that came the invasions of Bougainville, Saidor and on Feb. 29 the stunning attack on the Admiralty Islands, which flanked the Japs on New Britain and New Ireland. It was here that the dismounted 1st Cavalry Division met wave after wave of Japs in what was officially described as "one of the fiercest encounters of the war." When the Admiralties were completely conquered Apr. 4, only 500 of the original enemy force of 5,000 remained alive.

After the Admiralties, the end of the New Guinea campaign came fast. Hollandia and Aitape fell to the Americans, and the vital Jap base at Madang was taken by the Australians in April after a flanking move that cut off 60,000 Japs of the Imperial 18th Army. In the same month the New Zealanders took strategic Green Island, north of Bougainville, and another landing was made at Maffin Bay, west of Hollandia. Then Wakde, Biak and Numfor finished the job, putting Gen. MacArthur on the southern edge of Japan's "Caribbean Sea." From there he will be able to strike at his openly announced goal—the Philippines.

And Adm. Nimitz will be close beside him. Separate U. S. forces in the Central and Southwest Pacific are things of the past. There is now only one battle area: the Western Pacific.

Battle-weary Yanks ford a stream on swampy Biak. The memory of early strafing by Jap Zeros keeps the men alert. One of them cocks an eye skyward acting as an airplane spotter for the rest of the platoon.

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Saipan was worse than

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAIPAN, MARIANAS ISLANDS [By Cable]—There are three divisions of Marine and Army troops taking this mountainous Jap stronghold in the Central Pacific, and they have fought in some of the war's toughest battles—Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Makin. But most of them will tell you that the battle they are fighting now is the ruggedest of all. "It's the damned artillery and mortars," they say.

The 2d and 4th Marine Divisions landed abreast in the initial attack on the western beaches of Saipan. The Jap beach defenses were meager; there were no real defense lines. The Japs were depending entirely on their artillery and mortars.

While American naval guns pounded the island, the Japs held the fire of their mountain guns. Then, as the first waves of Marine amphibious tractors passed over the reef about a thousand yards offshore, the Japs opened up.

A lieutenant colonel commanding a Marine battalion said the Japs had enough artillery to follow the first two waves of amtracks all the way to the beach simultaneously. The officer was wounded in the face and shoulder while his amtrack was splashing across the reef. Moments later, as the vehicle rolled up on the beach, a Jap grenade exploded under his feet, splattering his legs and groins with fragments.

"They were shelling us with .75s," said a marine who was lying on the beach in a shallow trench, blood seeping through a bandage on his thigh. "We could hear the shells whine a foot or so above the amtrack, and mortar fire sent up spouts of water around us."

"As soon as we hit the beach I reached for a cigarette," said a gunnery sergeant. "I pulled out a packet of matches and inside the cover was printed: 'DON'T FORGET TO BUY A BOND TODAY'."

SAIPAN is no Tarawa or Kwajalein; it is a mountainous island and not a flat atoll. And it is not a little area, either, but a considerable land mass, about 75 square miles—the largest island ever assaulted by Central Pacific forces.

That is why the marines, after carving out and holding their beachheads, have had a tough deal. Elements of the 2d Marine Division have wheeled up the west coast from the beachhead and taken Garapan, capital of the island, while other units have scaled and captured the razored ridges of 1,554-foot Mount Tapotchau.

At the same time the 4th Marine Division has struck directly across the island and, after severe fighting, has secured Mount Kagman and the heights surrounding Magicienne Bay on the east coast of Saipan.

These moves have cut off the southern half of the island, an area that has been mopped up by the Army's 27th Division, which landed a few days after the initial assault and captured Aslito airstrip and Nafutan Point. Seabees have repaired and extended the airstrip's 3,600-foot runway, and it is already basing our aircraft.

Casualties have been heavy. In the first two weeks of fighting we had 1,474 men killed, 878 missing and 7,400 wounded—making Saipan's initial stages thrice as costly as Tarawa and one-fourth as expensive as the Normandy landings.

"That Jap artillery's got no respect for rank," a Marine sergeant said. He belonged to a battalion of the 2d Marine Division that landed under intense artillery and mortar fire on D Day, went into reserve for 10 minutes and then went back into the fight. It is still on the front lines, having rooted the Japs from one hilltop position after another until it took the heights overlooking Garapan.

The CO of one company was killed during a pre-dawn attack by Jap tanks on D-plus-two; the executive officer who took over was wounded and had to be evacuated; a platoon leader who took over from the exec also fell.

The CO of another company was wounded in the same attack; his executive officer had been missing since D Day, so the CO of headquarters company went forward to take his place.

The remaining line company is now commanded by the exec; the CO was evacuated after being wounded a second time on D Day.

Jap guns still drop an occasional shell on the American positions covering the southern end of Saipan from Garapan to the northeast shore of Magicienne Bay, but not since D-plus-two has the area been under heavy fire. That morning was more intense than D Day, because the Japs were able to put mountain guns in play.

"The Japs began their counterattack with tanks at about 0330 on D-plus-two," a first sergeant said. "Back at headquarters we heard that the captain of one of the companies was wounded and reinforcements were needed. So 16 of us went up with our own company commander."

They found that the wounded CO was the victim of a freak accident. He had been aiming his carbine, with a grenade attached, at an approaching Jap tank when a stray bullet exploded the grenade, knocking over the CO and deafening him. He remained conscious enough to wave reinforcements to the right flank, where contact with the next company had been lost.

His outfit, now commanded by the captain of headquarters company, moved right along the front until it came to the brow of a hill overlooking a shallow valley. "We could see a bunch of tanks down there," the sergeant said. "We felt pretty good about it because we thought they were ours. The captain hollered down to them and someone answered: 'Come on down, pal.' He spoke good English, but we could tell by his high voice that he was a Jap."

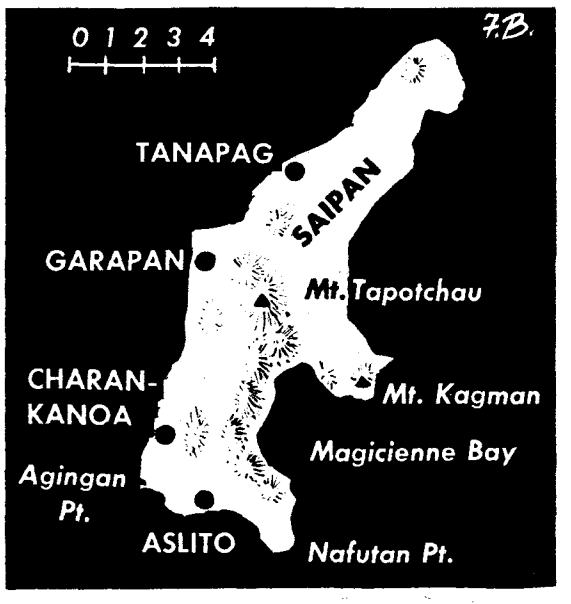
The Jap tanks, more than 30 in all, charged through the American lines. Many of the tanks carried a half-dozen Japs on top, while other Jap soldiers, armed with machine guns, followed on foot.

The Americans were forced to retire in the face of the Jap assault, and soon all distinction between Marine and enemy lines was lost. Machine guns of both sides sent interlocking streams of tracers across. Jap tanks roared back and forth over foxholes and trenches, and the night air was filled with the smell from their exhausts and the acrid odor of gunfire.

"A tank ran over my hole," said one Marine platoon sergeant, "so I lit a fuse and tossed a whole pack of demolition charges on top of the damn thing—27 pounds of explosives, not counting the detonator caps and the rest. I put them right on top of the motor and blew the tank all over hell."

Meanwhile the bazookamen were having a field day firing rockets at point-blank range against tanks. A pfc from South Dakota scored hits on four tanks with his four rounds, while another bazooka team set a 100-percent record with seven rounds.

"It was a case of keeping your head down while Jap tanks crunched over the slit trenches and foxholes," said the company's top kick, "and hoping they would straddle your position instead of running the tread in your hole. Two men were run down and several of our machine guns and mortars were crushed. But we knocked out 16 tanks with bazookas, rifles and grenades."



Saipan: the toughest Pacific scrap to date.

When dawn finally lit the sky, 27 Jap tanks were found on the battlefield, but there were fewer dead Japs than the marines had expected to find. Later two truckloads of dead Japs were seized when a rapid flanking movement pocketed an enemy group, and there was other evidence that the Japs were taking their dead as well as their wounded with them when they retreated, presumably to hide their losses. In spite of this, our forces have already buried some 6,000 enemy dead on Saipan.

FIRST sizable town to fall on Saipan was Charan-Kanoa, on the west coast near the original beachhead. While advance patrols searched for Jap snipers and machine gunners in the burning sugar-cane fields surrounding Charan-Kanoa, the main body set up headquarters in the rows of abandoned company houses lining the mill town.

Taller marines had trouble with the one-story houses, evidently built for a race of smaller people. The ceilings and door frames seemed to keep coming down and hitting the Americans on the head, so that some were forced to wear their helmets indoors in self-defense.

There were no beds, and tired marines were obliged to stretch out on native mats on the floors. But every back yard boasted a cistern well that was promptly used for needed baths.

Marines picked bananas and found bottles of warm Jap beer to supplement their usual field rations. Jap and German phonograph records provided squeaky dinner music.

But not everything at Charan-Kanoa was sweetness and light. The marines had to ferret out a spotter who hid for two days in the lofty tower of one sugar mill, directing artillery batteries against our troops. And when gunfire suddenly lashed out from farmhouses that had displayed white flags, the houses had to be knocked out.

THE fighting in the mountain areas has developed into a hundred little battles. After abandoning the foothills and coastal plains, the Japs are defending the ravines and are fighting in the succession of limestone cliffs that rise like knife blades, especially around Tapotchau. Each ravine or cave is a deadly small-scale battlefield, and the Americans must clean out the mountain pockets of Japs one by one.

Troops of the 27th Division, advancing northeast of Garapan along with the 4th Marine Division, came upon a ravine filled with rock caves, from which the Japs were firing machine guns and rifles. The soldiers surrounded the ravine to bottle up the Japs and brought light artillery and flame throwers up to fire point-blank into the caves.

On the hills overlooking Magicienne Bay, the Japs ran their field pieces in and out of caves, firing from the outside and then ducking back into the mountain. Besides taking advantage of the natural caves in the limestone rock, some of them hundreds of feet deep with rear exits, the Japs have dug out man-made caves, in a Pacific version of the Maginot Line. But like the Maginot Line, it does the defenders no lasting good; one by one the pockets are being eliminated.

The Japs are also using a new kind of steel shield to protect them against small-arms fire when they crawl toward the American lines. Their heads and shoulders are covered, and only their legs and forearms are exposed. On our side, rockets are being fired from Navy planes for the first time in this area.

The Japs are still up to their old, incomprehensible tricks. "During one tank battle," a battalion sergeant major said, "the Japs lined up in platoon formation, about 100 troops behind four tanks. The officers in the tanks opened their turrets, stood up, waved their sabers at Jap flags, hollered 'Banzai' and charged. The Japs just walked into the crossfire of American machine guns, and 700 of them were left dead on the plain south of Garapan."

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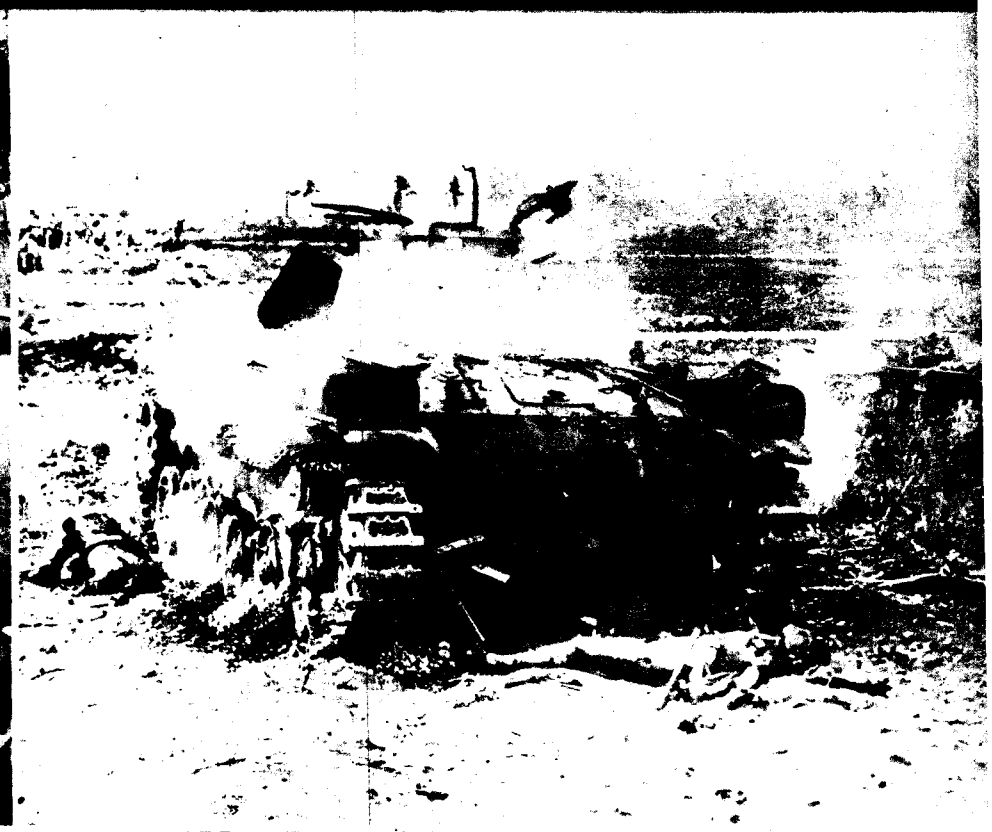
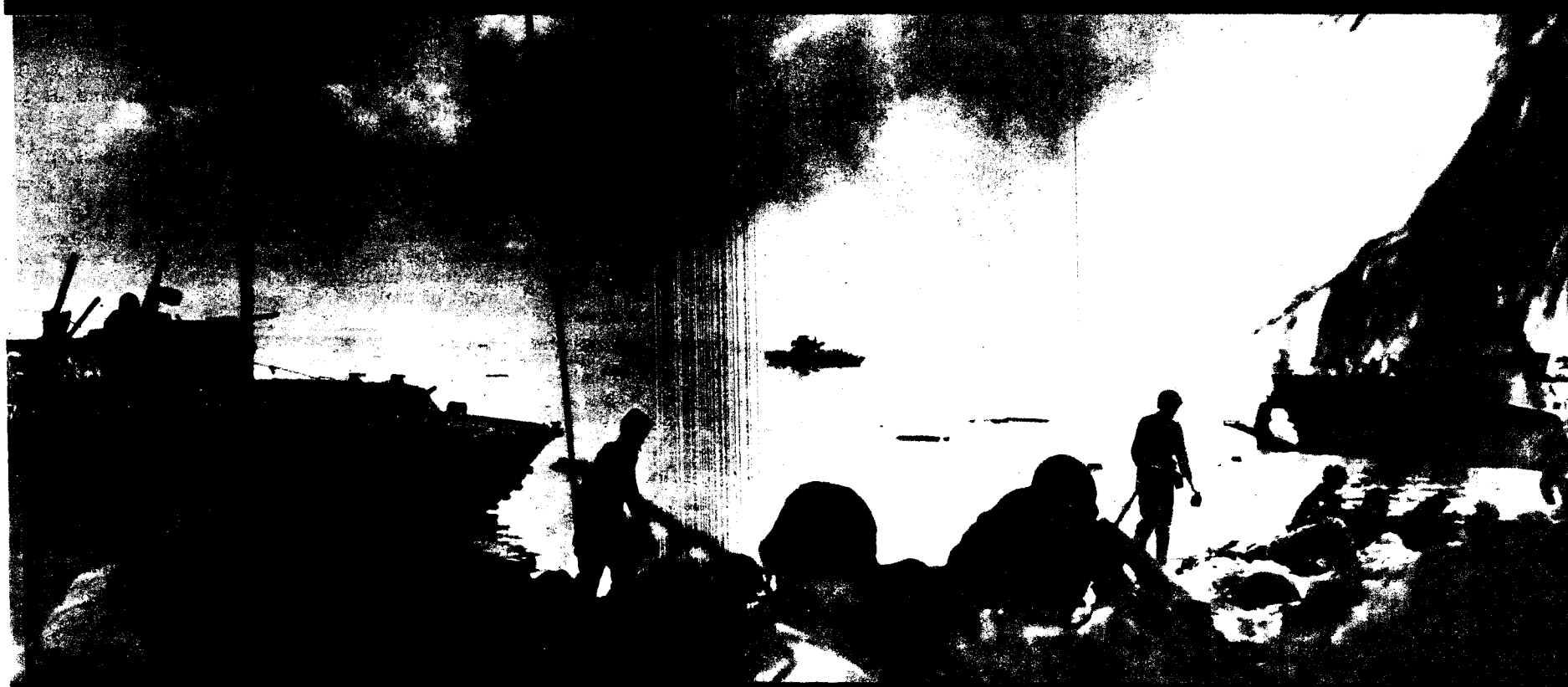
A smashed Jap tank of inferior manufacture and two smashed Jap soldiers.



Infantrymen wade ashore from LSTs. Buffaloes bring up heavier equipment.

Three members of a Yank patrol look over an advanced position on Saipan.



Marines of the first wave [illegible] foxholes and set up a short-wave radio system. The wounded marine at the left heads for a landing craft.

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Autograph hunters besiege T/Sgt. Charles E. Kelly

'Commando' Kelly's Publicity

as he perches on back of car during home-town tour.

The Pittsburgh hero's Infantry company in Italy feels that the papers, magazines and movies at home are making him look silly.

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

ITALY—So far in this war, no American enlisted man has received more personal publicity than T/Sgt. Charles E. Kelly, the Pittsburgh hero who is known all over the U. S. as "Commando" Kelly. That glamorous nickname was dreamed up by some war correspondents after Kelly had been decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor for killing 40 Germans in his terrific one-man stand at Altavilla. Everybody here called him just plain Kelly except for a few close friends who knew him as Chuck.

When I heard about the mayor of Pittsburgh presenting Kelly with the keys of the city after he returned to the States recently, and about the *Saturday Evening Post* and 20th Century-Fox paying him $15,000 and $25,000, respectively, for the magazine and movie rights to his life story, I decided to talk to some of the old timers in his company who knew him when. I wanted to find out how they feel about his new fame.

I know them very well and I also know Kelly, because he was in the same Infantry battalion with me in the 36th Division; he was in L Company and I am in M Company. In fact, he was a good friend of mine, but that does not mean much one way or another because I have probably made as many friends and enemies in this Army as any man.

People here in the 3d Battalion who knew Kelly, particularly the old L Company crowd—the few that are left—don't like the kind of publicity Kelly has been getting in the States.

"It makes him look like a guy who is shooting off his trap," they say. "We know Kelly. He doesn't talk much. There is no need of putting all those things in his mouth. He did enough to win the medal without taking all that, too."

The men in the 3d Battalion still feel that Kelly is a great soldier. There are, of course, a few soreheads who try to say that he did not do any more in Italy than anybody else. But I have missed only two days of combat with this battalion, and when I look at these critics I am unable to recall seeing them very often at the front when things were bad.

The man in the 36th Division who knows Kelly best is 1st Lt. Zirk O. Robertson of Merkel, Tex., an ex-GI who came up the hard way and won a battlefield commission. Robertson was Kelly's platoon sergeant when the Irish kid first came into L Company with a bad record at Camp Edwards, Mass., in November 1942. Kelly had just done 30 days for AWOL, and Robertson was sitting in the orderly room with the company commander, Capt. Marion P. Bowden of Belton, Tex., the night they turned him loose. Robertson offered to take Kelly into his platoon.

New York's La Guardia meets Pittsburgh's Kelly.

"I remember the night," Robertson said recently. "I was raising hell over some dirty deal I thought I had gotten. So when Capt. Bowden mentioned Kelly, I said: 'Give him to me. I get all the cast-offs in this company anyway, but we make soldiers of 'em.' "

Robertson served over Kelly the whole time he was in Italy. He was with Kelly in the monastery at Altavilla when the stubborn, mad GIs in L Company held up the German advance.

Incidentally, when Kelly was saying good-bye to us in the M Company area just before he went home, I asked him about those mortar shells that he was supposed to have used as hand grenades.

"I never told anybody those shells exploded," Kelly said. "I did throw them. They were there and they weren't doing any good lying around and there wasn't anything else to throw."

Robertson, however, says that when Kelly threw the shells out the window there were explosions in the courtyard below.

"I wasn't down there checking each of those shells," he says. "But I'll swear to my last day they were going off."

Not many of the newspaper stories about Kelly have explained that he went on with the outfit after his Congressional Medal of Honor exploit at Altavilla and displayed again and again the same cold courage and fortitude at San Pietro and the Rapido River, where he earned the Silver Star.

There was the time he took a patrol from Mignano with orders to reach a bridge on the edge of San Pietro. While he was gone the battalion had to move, and he did not find us for three days. I was standing next to Robertson, then a second lieutenant, when Kelly made his report.

"I'm mad at somebody," Kelly said. "I've cussed everybody in the Army in and out."

Then he told us something of the miserable time he had had at San Pietro, where a swollen stream had kept his patrol from the bridge. While the patrol was trying to cross, Jerry sent up a flare that made the surroundings as bright as day.

"I had to lay on my belly in a rivulet of water," Kelly said. "I was damming it up but the water was running into my collar and out both legs of my britches."

In the battle of San Pietro, the L Company commander was severely wounded, and Robertson found himself in command of a company of 25 men.

"I don't know what I would have done without Kelly then," he says. "My first sergeant was killed a night later, and I put Kelly in charge of the outpost as my second in command. He kept things going out there.

"It was the same way at the Rapido. Everything across the river was in confusion. Kelly had about half the company, and I had the other half. We pushed on and got to a road but then we couldn't do a thing because we ran out of ammunition. All we could do was to come back across the river with a handful of survivors who somehow managed to live through a day and night of that hell."

WHEN you tell Robertson that 20th Century-Fox is about to make a movie about his former tech sergeant entitled "Commando Kelly," he shakes his head and says he hopes that Kelly won't let the people in Hollywood make a damn fool of him.

Robertson's present first sergeant, Manuel L. Jones of Lorena, Tex., another of the old L Company crowd, feels the same way.

"He was the best damn little soldier you ever saw," Jones says. "He'd do any damn thing to help the boys. Why, the day before he left here to go back to the States and get all those big welcomes, he helped us dig a latrine."

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Yanks At Home Abroad

WAR'S FRATERNITY. Sharing hardship, pain and a common lot seems to draw people together. Here some of 640 casualties flown back from Europe in C-47s trade candy and grins of good fellowship at Newark, N. J.

Soviet Stop-over

SOMEWHERE IN THE USSR [By Cable]—At least a dozen flyers in the Soviet Union right now look like hybrids—part fish, part fowl. It's because of their uniforms and insignia, which are strange mixtures of Russian and American issue.

The airmen are Americans and their proper base is in Italy; they are assigned to the Fifteenth Air Force. They are not shuttle bombers, and they did not fly from Italy to Russia intentionally, as some other airmen of the Fifteenth have done lately. This particular crew is in Russia quite by accident.

Their Liberator took off from its Italian base not long ago for a raid on Constanta, Rumania, a Black Sea port held by the Germans. The target was bombed successfully, but soon afterward two of the B-24's engines conked out.

Between Constanta and Italy lay only enemy-held territory, except for isolated strips of Yugoslavia. On that route, too, there were many mountains, and the Liberator was having a tough time pushing itself back up to sufficient altitude.

The crew decided to head for the Crimea, across the Black Sea. This meant running the risk of being shot down by Russian antiaircraft gunners, notoriously quick on the trigger when an unidentified plane approaches, but the Americans took the chance. The B-24 swept in low from the sea and set down quickly at the first airdrome.

The Russians welcomed the *Amerikahnyets* flyers warmly. A Russian captain took them to a theater, gave them front-row seats and announced to the audience that these were Americans. The crowd cheered. Later other officers gave parties for the Americans and took them sightseeing. In turn, the Americans taught the Russians to sing songs like "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and to do American dance steps.

When the Lib crew arrived at an American shuttle base in another area in Russia, they wore no U. S. Army insignia at all, but each one sported plenty of Red Army stars, Red Fleet insignia and medals.

"Regulations or no regulations," said Lt. L. V. Sierk of Lake Wilson, Minn., the pilot, "you couldn't let those fellows give you things without reciprocating. They are wonderful people."

"I'd always heard," said S/Sgt. Robert J. Harper of Chicago, Ill., "about a guy being so generous he'd give you the shirt off his back. Well, that really happened. I'd been swimming with some of the crew and some Russians. Trying to put my shirt back on, I tore it. A Russian took his off and insisted that I wear it."

"These people are more like Americans," said Lt. Thomas W. Davis of Summerton, S. C., "than any I've seen overseas. The captain who took us in charge actually knocked off 'Dixie' on the piano."

"After seeing how nearly the Russians are like us and how the Germans have plundered their country," said S/Sgt. Joseph Paden of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I want more than ever to help these people. I'd like to fly shuttle missions now."

Others who made the impromptu hop to Russia were Lt. George F. Farrell of Superior, Wis.; Lt. Benedict Kambery of Hartford, Conn.; T/Sgt. James J. Phillips of Struthers, Ohio; S/Sgt. Albert Petty of Meridian, Miss.; S/Sgt. Charles W. Franklin of Brooklyn, N. Y.; S/Sgt. Ray L. Rafzier of Baltimore, Md.; S/Sgt. Kermit Judd of Edinburg, Va., and Lt. Col. John Cogland, a flight surgeon from Hartford, Conn.

This Week's Cover

THE American troops who wave a greeting from the landing ramp of an LST meet no enemy fire as they approach the shores of France. Comrades on land and in the air, who preceded these reinforcements, took care of that. For more photos from France by YANK's Sgt. Reg Kenny, see pages 12 and 13.

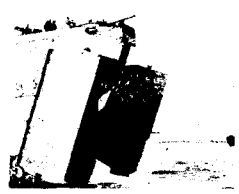

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2 & 3—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 5—Upper left, Kenneth Harris CPhoM, USCG; upper right, Acme; center left, Signal Corps; center right, CPhoM Harris; lower, USMC. 6—Top, PA; center, INP. 7—AAF. 8 & 9—Photographic Section, National Army of Liberation, Yugoslavia. 10—Upper, PA; lower, Acme. 11—PA. 12 & 13—Sgt. Kenny. 14—Warner Bros. 18—Upper, AAF, Daniel Field, Ga.; lower, PRO, Camp Roberts, Calif. 19—Upper, PRO, Camp Ellis, Ill.; center, AAFTC, Moore Field, Tex.; lower left, AAFTC, Orlando, Fla.; lower right, PRO, Woodrow Wilson Hospital, Va. 20—MGM. 21—Left, 20th Century-Fox; center, Wilma Dobie; right, Bruno of Hollywood. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, PA.

Persian Pentagon

CAMP AMIRABAD, IRAN—Finding your way around headquarters here is about as easy as finding volunteers for KP. This one-story jigsaw puzzle is a kind of Persian equivalent of the Pentagon at Washington, D. C.

Laid out in diamond-shaped sections, the headquarters buildings cover 68,000 square feet of floor space and contain 1,100 feet of halls. Though they are only one-story structures, the three sections contain 10 flights of stairs. The arrangement is supposed to insure ventilation, lighting and office flexibility, but wandering GIs insist it was designed as an obstacle course for message-center clerks and mail orderlies.

Like the Pentagon, Camp Amirabad headquarters has a PX, barber shop, clothing store and an information desk for MPs who lose their way while patrolling the buildings. Unlike the Pentagon, no babies have been born here and none of the GIs working at headquarters has ever been listed with the missing-persons bureau.

And with all the corridors, halls, blind alleys and stairs, there is no record of any dogface failing to collect his pay because he couldn't find the finance office. —Cpl. ROBERT McBRINN
YANK Staff Correspondent

South Sea Rembrandts

GUADALCANAL—It's been so many months since Guadalcanal, the Russells and New Georgia have seen any ground fighting or air raids that the Solomon Islands Art Show was swamped with soldier, sailor, marine and seabee entries when it was held here recently.

Contributions ranged from fine oils and water colors to such humbler items as a tea set made from Guadalcanal coconuts; a seabee's shirt with a cartoon painted on the back; an Army cot used by T-5 Hank McLeod of Chicago as a canvas to record his outfit's history, and a 20-foot home-made green-and-yellow sailboat, the *Miss SS Emmalee J.*, built by a GI who pushed it a mile on a dolly to get the boat to the show.

There was even one Jap entry, the work of a Zero pilot shot down some time ago. He contributed a large painting of a Japanese girl seated in ceremonial dress. The Jap pilot took up art so that he would have something to do, and now GI experts pronounce his work "amateurish but very promising." An agreeable sort of fellow, the Jap gives his drawings away as souvenirs if he takes a liking to a GI. —Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Return of Hot Seat

ENGLAND—When it comes to cutting red tape, T/Sgt. John Thomas of Detroit, Mich., is as good as any five joes you care to put up. A tail gunner on a Flying Fortress, the sergeant completed his tour of operations in the raid on Marienburg last October and went back to the States, with a record of having shot down five enemy fighters and of getting hit five times by flak and 20-mms without once being wounded. (That's right. He was shot in the behind, or rather in the back-type parachute covering it, and consequently became known as Hot Seat Johnny.)

Back home, Johnny rested and raised hell for 30 days, like any good GI, and then he was put on a bond-selling tour with Olivia de Havilland. "It was fun for a while," Johnny says, "but I began to get tired of it." One night, a month or two ago, Johnny was a guest at a banquet in a fancy Washington (D. C.) hotel, along with a lot of the big boys, including Gen. H. H. Arnold, the top man of the Air Forces. The sergeant, who was getting plenty fed up with fooling around the States by this time, was introduced to the general, who asked him what his plans were.

"I don't know, sir," said Johnny, "but I sure would like to be back in my old outfit." Gen. Arnold turned to a major who was standing at his elbow. "Major," he said, "have the sergeant's orders cut tomorrow." "Yes, sir," said the major.

You can guess the rest; there isn't much snafu likely to creep into a situation of that sort. Johnny came back like a shot and was assigned not only to his old squadron but to his old barracks and even to his old bunk. —YANK Staff Correspondent

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Walk Through Yugoslavia

The marchers take a break in the hills. Sgt. Bernstein, his GI "go to hell" hat still with him, is in left foreground. Partisan uniforms are of many styles. Most of them wear a Red Star insignia on their caps.

Traveling through the villages and over the mountains, a YANK reporter learns to understand the people and has a brush with a German patrol.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARTISAN HEADQUARTERS, SOMEWHERE IN YUGOSLAVIA—There are two ways of reaching this place, hidden away in the heart of liberated territory. The first is the official way, which is quick and relatively painless. This is reserved for civilian correspondents and high officials. The second is the hard, or enlisted man's, way—consisting mainly of picking up and laying down the feet while glancing expectantly over the shoulder for Germans. That is the way I got here.

By this primitive method you have to march for some time through what is technically German-occupied territory. Marshal Tito and his Partisan Army have freed more than half of Yugoslavia by now, but the Germans still control the cities and large towns and main roads. The liberated territory is in the form of large blocks of country, and you have to cross the German lines to go from one block to another. Even this, however, is often not as dangerous as it may sound. The Germans are afraid of the Partisans and rarely venture off the roads or out of the towns, except in force. By sticking to back trails and traveling by night, it is possible to walk for some time through German territory and not meet any Germans. It is also possible to meet many Germans, but no one talks about that.

I was conducted into Yugoslavia by the Partisans and traveled to headquarters with a group of delegates to an Anti-Fascist Youth Congress there. Also in the group were a few soldiers being reassigned and six young girls who had just finished training as nurses and were going to join various divisions. There were about 50 in the group, led by a young major, also being reassigned. He was a veteran Partisan who had been wounded five times, and he knew his way around.

Every one was armed, including the nurses. Most of them carried some kind of automatic weapon, either a captured German machine pistol or a British Sten gun. Several carried the old Yugoslav Army rifle, which is good for spaced shooting. I carried the old American Army pistol, which is good for close combat, like the movies. They all had grenades in their pockets or on their belts, with as much ammunition as they could bear and still navigate. One girl carried a grenade attached to her belt by the pin, claiming she saved throwing time that way. This was considered a little extreme and no one imitated her.

The average age in the party was about 22; the eldest was a soldier of 55 and the youngest was one of the delegates from a Dalmatian division, who was 15 and had been fighting for two years. Although several of the delegates spoke French, only one spoke English: he was a tall lanky university student from the city of Split on the Dalmatian coast. Since I didn't speak any Serbo-Croatian, he interpreted for me.

Our method of reaching headquarters was simple. We landed on the Yugoslav coast and walked. How and where we landed is a military secret, as is the length of time we walked, but it was long enough. About half the way was through German territory and most of the way was over mountains. We averaged about nine hours a day marching, and there was nothing at all of the adventurous about our trip. These Partisans had been fighting too long to regard going through German territory as a thrill. If it had to be done they would do it, but nobody liked the idea very much.

WE landed on the coast at night and were met by a Partisan detachment that had cut its way to the sea to meet us. It was part of one of the guerrilla units operating in the district, which was nominally in German hands. The men lined the sides of the path as we disembarked and moved swiftly away from the sea. There was no moon, and we could not see their faces—only silent, watchful figures with black rifles in their hands. As we moved up the path we could see a light blinking off to our left. It was the light of a German coastal garrison.

We moved fast that first night, not talking much, making as little noise as possible. The night was so dark that most of the time you could not tell where you were. Soon we moved off the path on to a dirt road that gleamed whitely in the dark. After the initial meeting we did not see anything of our protection, except when a courier ran up the column to deliver a message. Several times we stopped without knowing why. Each time we moved on again and presently crossed another road. Then we realized that we had stopped while the crossroad was reconnoitered.

We walked all night without meeting any opposition, and then it began to get light and the order came down to hurry up. It was necessary to get out of this particular area before daylight, because German planes and patrols were active here during the day. The sky grew pink around the edges, and gradually the countryside came into view, gentle and rolling, with patterned fields and stone houses. There was no sign of life. The houses looked normal and habitable until you came close and saw that they had no roofs or were gutted by fire. The countryside looked peaceful, but that didn't mean anything. It was good country for strafing.

About 0900 hours we came to a village sitting at the foot of a hill and stopped outside in a clump of woods to eat and sleep. I straggled over to a large shade tree, together with the poet I had met at the headquarters of the newspaper *Free Dalmatia*, the student from Split and a Partisan photographer named Zivko. We each had one blanket, which we spread on the ground under the tree. Then we took off our shoes and rolled up and went to sleep.

About three hours later we were awakened by some of the villagers. They brought us food, supplied by their People's Committee of Liberation—hard round loaves of black bread and a thick

One of the delegates helps Ranka, secretary of the youth organization, to jump a mountain stream

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soup with pieces of meat in it, which we ate out of German mess tins. All this was provided voluntarily by the village; the Partisans never demand food or shelter or take anything from the fields unless the people offer it to them. The leader of the Partisan unit signs for what he has taken, the promise to be redeemed after the war.

After we ate we went to sleep again. We awoke about 1400 hours, put on our shoes, rolled up the blankets and prepared to start walking. Everyone lined up, and the major announced that our protection was leaving us here. Then he stressed the necessity for keeping liaison, and we started off. The major was at the head of the column, but there was a newcomer with him: a thin, sharp-faced man of about 35, dressed in civilian clothes. He was a former Chetnik commander who had just come over to the Partisans. He had given himself up to the guerrilla detachment, and they had handed him over to us to take to headquarters.

During the march I went up to the Chetnik and talked to him. He seemed eager to talk and told his story without hesitation. His name was Kovac Franc and he was Slovenian; before the war he had been a lieutenant in the regular Yugoslav Navy and during the Italian occupation had become liaison officer between the Yugoslav Army prisoners and the Italians.

But some of his people thought he was collaborating with the Italians; when Italy capitulated and the Partisans took his town, they sentenced him to death. He escaped and joined the Chetniks, who at that time, he said, were organizing an army in Dalmatia with tacit Italian permission. Because of his military background he became Chetnik commander in the city of Sibenik and then of the Chetnik Skradin Brigade, so-called because it was located in that Dalmatian town.

The rest of his story was typical of many stories by ex-Chetniks that I heard later on. Franc rapidly became disillusioned with Chetnik collaboration, first with the Italians and finally with the Germans. He said that in Sibenik he took orders from the German commander in chief, a Col. Blitc; his headquarters in Skradin was also the command post of the German SS Brandenburg Regiment, and there Franc took orders from its commander, a Maj. Walther. He said the Germans supplied the Chetniks in part, paid them at the rate of 20 *kuna* a day for the average private, fed them and told them when and where to fight. Finally, Franc said, he could not stomach it any longer and so came over to the Partisans.

He was obviously uncertain of the reception he would get from the people in our group, but they were all very nice to him. As we marched, people would come up and shake hands and tell him how good it was that he had come over to fight the common enemy. There was no evident animosity. He was treated as a Partisan who had just joined, and as the march continued, he seemed to lose his own fear and suspicions and began to talk to the others freely and with much emotion.

We marched all that night without anything happening. I had no idea where we were, but the major said it was still dangerous territory, with many German garrisons scattered around. During the night we heard machine guns on our flank, faint but distinct. We didn't stop but everyone kind of shifted his gun around to a more accessible place. The major led the group deliberately, walking somewhat more slowly than our Army pace but making good time. There were no stragglers and the girls kept right up with the men.

At dawn we stopped at another village. This time the villagers put us up in houses and stables. They kicked three pigs and a goat out of one place to make room for the poet, the student, the major, a girl named Ranka (who was secretary of the Youth Congress organization) and myself. The place had an interesting smell, but the hay was soft and we went right off to sleep. I was going to take off my shoes but the major suggested that I leave them on, since we might have to leave in a hurry.

We awoke about noon, breakfasted on some kind of porridge the villagers make from maize and started off again. The people lined the roads as we passed, singing and waving to us. They were dressed poorly, the men in threadbare trousers or breeches and the women in patched, colorful local costumes. We walked only six hours this day, stopping at the headquarters of another guerrilla detachment, just before the mountains began. We ate well here: soup and a good-sized hunk of lamb.

We stayed overnight and in the morning we began on the mountains. From here on in, it was a hike. The Yugoslav countryside is beautiful to look at but hell to walk over. All the mountains go up. Sometimes they go straight up, and we had to look for toe and finger holds. We always used back trails and sometimes we used no trails at all. But no one fell out and no one complained. We marched all day or all night, stopping at villages now and then for some of that porridge or a piece of lamb or maybe a little goat's milk if we were lucky. Sometimes we slept in these villages; it got colder the higher up we got in the mountains, and we slept three and four together for warmth. The nights were very cold. It was all right while we kept marching, but when we stopped for a break, the sweat became like ice against the skin.

We had to cross two main roads that were considered dangerous, and we had no trouble on the first one. But the second we could only cross between two German garrisons about half a mile apart. We came to this about 0400 hours, and the Germans must have smelled us coming because they kept sending up flares along the road. The major figured that they had the road pretty well guarded, so he sent 10 men to each garrison to keep the Germans busy while the rest of us crossed. There must have been at least 100 men in each garrison, but they were kept busy all right. Our men created enough disturbance for a battalion. The rest of us crossed the road on the double, the tracers flying all over the place like the Fourth of July. It must have been a beautiful sight, but we didn't stick around long enough to appreciate it. The 20 men caught up with us in about an hour; one had a scratch on his arm but the others had six German rifles between them.

After that we had no more trouble. Once we came close enough to hear a German patrol in the night, and once we passed through a village and a villager told us afterward that there had been 10 Chetniks hiding there, waiting to ambush us. Apparently they had changed their minds when they saw how many we were and had lain low until we passed and then beat it. In another village, everyone ran when they saw us coming and some nearly fired on us until they saw we weren't Chetniks.

All the villages we passed through were the same, poor and small and primitive. All of them had felt the war and many houses were either partly burned or destroyed entirely. The people were dressed poorly and looked hungry but proud. They shared what they had with us, even though it was usually pitifully little. There were many kids in the villages, and they lined the roads when we passed. They were also in rags, wide-eyed and hungry-looking, but the only thing they ever asked us for was pencils. All the kids always asked for pencils; they needed them for school. Several times we passed through villages and saw a group sitting out under a tree: old peasants, men and women of 60 and 65, and children of 7 and 8, being taught by a Partisan soldier how to read and write.

After about four days in the mountains, I began to lose track of time. We started in the morning at the foot of one mountain, by 1500 we were at the snow line and by sunset we were at the foot of another mountain, ready to start all over. It was the goddamdest country I had ever seen. Even the Partisans had to stop singing when they took some of the steeper slopes. After a while I walked along in a kind of daze, just picking them up and laying them down, and dreaming in a dull kind of way about pitchers of orange juice and hot baths and big beds with clean sheets.

The only thing the Partisans seemed to fear was planes, which is natural with a people who have never had weapons to use against aircraft. Once a flight of American B-24s came over, escorted by P-38s, and everyone took cover. The Partisans knew these were friendly planes, but that made no difference at all. They had been strafed by friendly planes, too.

I kept wishing for the mountains to stop and they never did, but finally we did. The day before we reached headquarters, we split up. I continued on to headquarters with the nurses, Ranka, the poet, the photographer and five others, and the rest struck off for another village. It was still a week to the congress, and they were staying where there was more food and better accommodations. My group walked for another day across another mountain, and then we were at Tito's headquarters. This was in a fairly good-sized town, set in a beautiful valley. Later the Germans threw a combined glider-parachute division against the place in an unsuccessful attempt to capture Tito.

The Partisans put me up outside the town in a farmhouse that was the headquarters of the leaders of the Youth Congress. The next morning I awoke with a fever and for three days after that my eyes wouldn't focus. When I got up, they told me that the village where the delegates had gone was bombed by 22 Stukas the day they got there. The Partisans didn't know how many of the delegates had been wounded, but five had been killed. The village was destroyed.

Some of the party with girls from a nearby village. The man squatting second from left is an Italian soldier who has joined the Partisans.

Partisans cross a swift stream over a rude, makeshift bridge. The Dalmatian village they are entering on the journey to headquarters has been damaged by Chetnik raids.

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Capture of Cherbourg

From the Fort du Roule, U. S. infantrymen look down on Cherbourg, wrested from the enemy a short time later.

Captured at Cherbourg, a German imitates his once-beloved fuehrer as other prisoners grin appreciatively.

German artillery hit back and the snipers were thick and persistent as our forces took the great port, their first major prize in France.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN CHERBOURG, FRANCE [By Cable]—On our way to the front lines in the battle for Cherbourg, we stopped at a town not far away, where a large crowd of natives was gathered on the highest point facing the great harbor city. The artillery fire had stopped, and there was silence everywhere except for the barking of dogs. It was Thursday, four days before Cherbourg fell.

A gray-haired woman who spoke perfect English said we shouldn't go any farther without investigating a certain young woman whom she suspected of being a German spy. "I saw her with my own eyes," said the woman, "giving signals through the window last night. I warned one of your officers about her, but she's still free. I think something should be done about her pretty quick before she does serious harm."

A jeep came by with three MPs and stopped. "What house is she in?" asked one MP. The woman gave them the address and the MPs drove off. We followed them. They stopped in front of the local hotel and asked the cafe proprietor downstairs where they could find the suspected spy. The proprietor led the way upstairs to a room on the top floor and knocked on the door.

A brunette, about 25 years old, answered the knock, and we followed the MPs into the room. Three other women were sitting on the bed. The girl in the center was still very much undressed and screamed when she saw the MPs.

"Okay," said the shortest MP. "Which one speaks English?" One of the girls, another brunette who wore dark-rimmed glasses, asked the MPs in a mixture of French and English what they wanted. "We want the girl who flashes a signal light at night," said the MP. "Where's the light?"

The brunette with the glasses insisted they had no flashlight and never had any relations with the Germans except "business relations."

"We hate the Germans," she said. "They take what they want from us and never pay for it."

After 15 minutes of questioning, the MPs began to search the room. "What's this?" asked one MP as he lifted a German signal flashlight from a suitcase.

The girl who'd been doing all the talking began to do plenty more. She had never seen the light before, she said; she didn't know how it got into the room, and even if she did, she didn't know how to use it.

"Okay, girls," said the short MP. "Get yourselves decent and let's get moving to somebody who can speak French better than me."

"I think three of these girls are honest whores," he said to me, "probably brought here by the Germans. But the one doing all the talking is

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a German, okay. I'll stake anything she's done more than just entertain the Jerries."

A group of natives in front of the hotel smiled their approval as the girls were led out. One man grabbed an MP's arm and said: "*Merci, merci.*"

THERE was a loud roar coming from the skies in the direction of Cherbourg, and people came from all over town to join those already on the hill. Word had gotten around that the Infantry was having trouble driving the Germans from their positions in the area of Mont du Roc, so the Air Force was coming in to bomb them out.

I stood on the roof of a chicken coop to get a better view of the bombing. The distance was too great and the planes were flying too high for us to see them clearly, but smoke columns caused by their bombs rose high over the hills and into the blue of the sky.

Later we learned that some of our more advanced troops were in the bombed area, but they had retreated several hundred yards so the bombs wouldn't hit them.

After we had watched the bombers for 30 minutes, an elderly Frenchman with a long white mustache invited me to his house. As I entered, he kissed my hand and offered me a drink of cognac. In sign language he explained that his daughter lived in Cherbourg and he was very happy the Americans were closing in on that city. He filled the glass again.

"*Vive l'Amerique,*" he said.

"*Vive la France,*" I said.

FIGHTER-BOMBERS of the Ninth Air Force were still attacking the German stronghold at Mont du Roc when we arrived at the regimental CP. Enemy flak was bursting all around the planes, and the infantrymen sweated out the flyers at every burst.

"The forward battalion's going in now," said the commanding general of the division after the last plane had dropped its bombs.

"If you're going down to the forward battalion," a young lieutenant warned me, "you'd better be on your guard for snipers. They got a couple of our men around here this morning. There are still a number in the area."

I piled into a jeep with three other correspondents—Bruce Grant of the Chicago *Times*, Tom Henry of the Washington *Star* and Cpl. Joe Cunningham, a YANK photographer—and we drove off. About 200 yards from the CP, there was the soft crack of a rifle.

We turned off at a junction into a road. Artillery fire had resumed soon after the Air Force completed its job, and the closer we approached the front lines, the louder the burst of the guns became. None of us had ever been over this road before, but it was evident that we were traveling in friendly territory. Here and there on either side of the road were the bodies of dead Germans, their equipment scattered around.

There was another rifle crack that seemed to come from the hill on our right. "Yep," said the driver, "that's a sniper. You can always tell the difference between a sniper's fire and our own carbines by the flat sound, like the sound of your knuckles beating against marble."

When we caught up with the tail end of the forward battalion, our driver parked the jeep under a tree and we proceeded on foot alongside the infantrymen. Our first stop was in an orchard where a heavy-weapons company was firing.

Cpl. Howard Hodgson of Calumet, Mich., the No. 1 man, was kneeling by a mortar while Sgt. Kongslie of Upham, N. Dak., relayed information he was receiving from the OP by walkie-talkie: "1200, fire for effect, six rounds." As he shouted, Pfc. Eugene Rossman of Ellwood City, Pa., assistant third gunner, pulled the pins out and took off increments from the shells. He and Pfc. George Evanoff of Hammond, Ind., the second gunner, loaded the mortar. Then Hodgson yelled back to Kongslie: "Six rounds ready."

"Okay," Kongslie replied. "On the way," Hodgson yelled again. Right after Hodgson fired the six rounds, there was a whining sound overhead. "Incoming mail," Rossman shouted. Everybody took cover in a foxhole. Jerry was hitting back.

COMPANY A's OP was about 500 yards in front of the mortars. I found my way by following our communication wires. The OP was in a large hayfield, surrounded by trees and hedges. In the center of the field were wooden dummy guns, made by the Germans to fool our reconnaissance crews. Our men were dug in around the edges.

As I walked toward the advance section of the OP, a sergeant behind a machine gun told me to keep well under cover "or get your goddam head blown off." There were Jerry machine-gun nests and snipers in front and at the sides of the OP, and the Germans tried to pick off our men as they passed through open sections.

When I reached the advance section, I found Sgt. Frank Brusic of Passaic, N. J., a platoon leader, giving orders to cease firing. "Look out there on the hill," Brusic said. Through his binoculars I saw a Jerry waving a white flag. "That sonuvabitch has waved that flag for a half hour and he still isn't coming in," Brusic said.

Some of the men in the platoon started to yell. One yelled in Polish, another in German and a third in Russian. "Come here," they yelled, "come here." But the German just kept waving.

"We've stopped firing," Brusic said, "but they haven't. I'd send a man after him but it looks like the old Jerry trick. They shot my best friend in Italy by pulling that stunt." The next man asked Brusic whether his friend had died. "Hell, no," said Brusic. "He's an Irishman."

Right about then a shell whizzed by us, followed quickly by more. "Screaming Mimis," Brusic said. He picked up the phone and said: "Let's give them some incoming mail." When Brusic got the heavy-weapons company on the phone, he gave them fire directions. Then he corrected the fire as the first mortar shells hit.

ON FRIDAY morning, two rifle platoons advanced to the foot of the enemy hill. I went forward with a group of medics. The road from the OP advance section was wide open for snipers. We ran and ducked at 50-foot intervals. When we reached the forward medics, a private warned us to hug the roadside. Snipers were shooting at everybody in the center.

A couple of medics brought in a wounded man on a litter and laid him carefully on the ground. Then Capt. Edmund Torkelson of Seattle, Wash., came up and began cutting the wounded man's pants so he could administer first aid. "How do you feel?" the captain asked. "All right, I guess, sir," said the soldier. "What got you," asked the captain, "a machine gun?" "No, sir," said the soldier, "a sniper." The soldier had scarcely said that when a sniper's bullet passed over us. The captain ordered the litter to be moved back.

When the wounded man had been carried off, the captain looked at his hands. "I've washed them a dozen times today," he said. He looked at his hands again. They were stained with blood.

Another wounded man was brought in. "My God," said one of the medics. The man's face was half blown off, his chin hanging by a few threads of skin, his nose not visible. A 20-mm shell had hit him in the face, an infantryman said.

By the time the captain was ready to leave with the medics, Pvt. Frank Volpa of Fresno, Calif., came running up. "They got my lieutenant, sir," he said. "They got him with a machine gun right in the arm, and the bone is sticking out. We dragged him from the hills but we've got to get help to him in a hurry."

"What was it like on the way over?" the captain asked. "Many snipers?"

"Yes, sir," Volpa answered, "there are quite a few of them, but I think we can do it all right."

"Okay," said the captain, "let's go."

BY SATURDAY night there were reports all over the lines that a U. S. division had entered the eastern section of Cherbourg. Rumors can be wilder on the battle front than in any barracks latrine back in the States, but anyway I joined a well-known regiment moving up.

"There goes the Old Man," said Cpl. Thomas Donnelly Jr. of Jersey City, N. J., as the colonel passed by in a jeep. "He's the fightingest guy I've ever seen."

S/Sgt. Marvin Bogart of Lima, Ohio, commander of a half-track, told me he thought we might march into Cherbourg that night. "You can ride in my half-track," Bogart said. "I think all they're waiting for is to get rid of some more pillboxes and that 88 over there. Then in we go."

As if in answer to Bogart's crack, the 88 began to belch fire. Everybody took cover. A couple of shells hit across the road from us, and one of them split a tree. Another shell hit Bogart's half-track.

"Don't worry," Bogart said. "We'll have it ready so that we can ride into Cherbourg in the morning."

ON SUNDAY night I was with the same regiment in a town called Octeville, about two miles from Cherbourg. The colonel was standing in the church cemetery and around him were all his battalion liaison officers. He pointed a pencil at a map of the Cherbourg sector.

"If we get that far," he said, "there may be street fighting from then on. That's why I'm putting Tucker here." The colonel looked at one of his lieutenants. "Tucker's had special training in that."

"Yes, sir," Lt. Tucker said.

When the briefing was over, a soldier brought the colonel a canteen full of black coffee. Then another soldier poured in some sugar. "Who's going to split this coffee with me?" asked the colonel. He looked at a pfc, whose face was unshaven and whose eyes were tired from lack of sleep and from lying in foxholes.

"You'll split this coffee with me, won't you, son?" said the Old Man.

"Yes, sir," said the pfc.

The colonel lifted the cup to his lips. "To tomorrow," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the pfc. "To tomorrow."

The next day they both marched into Cherbourg.

U. S., British and French flags fly from town hall as Mayor Paul Reynaud takes over administration of liberated Cherbourg from Allied military forces.

'PUBLIC ENEMIES'

WITH THE U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE—Score one for the Nazi propaganda machine: German soldiers are convinced that American paratroopers, many of whom have close-shaved heads, are all lifers and convicts recruited from U. S. prisons.

This probably accounts for the violent fear and stubborn resistance of the average German soldier when he runs into a Yank paratrooper. It may also explain why a good many paratroopers have been found strung up on trees with their throats cut.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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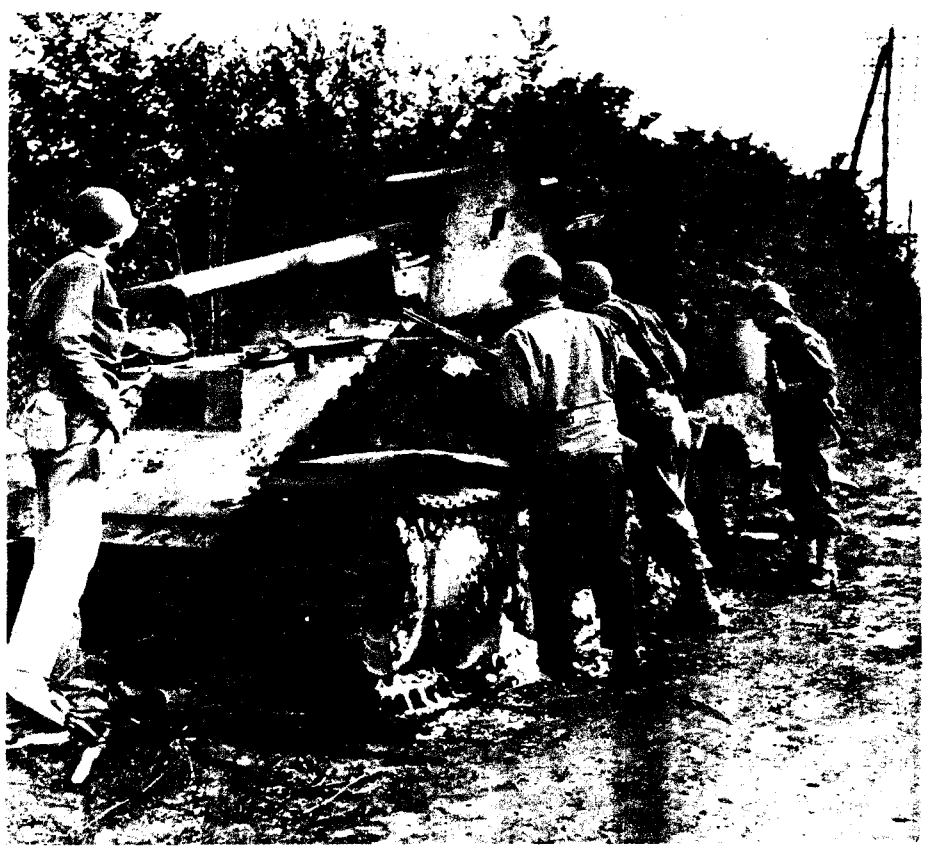
NCE

Sgt. Reg Kenny, YANK staff photographer, now with the in France, took these pictures of the continuing Allied

GIS EXAMINE REMOTE CONTROLLED NAZI MIDGET TANKS.

AN AMERICAN PATROL SEARCHES THROUGH A FRENCH CHURCH IN TREVIERES FOR HIDDEN GERMAN SNIPER NESTS.

MPS AND TWO MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH *GARDE MOBILE*.



YANKS INSPECT A NAZI SELF-PROPELLED GUN, MOUNTED ON A CZECH CHASSIS.

WHILE ONE YANK STANDS GUARD, ANOTHER FRISKS TWO PINT-SIZED NAZI PRISONERS.

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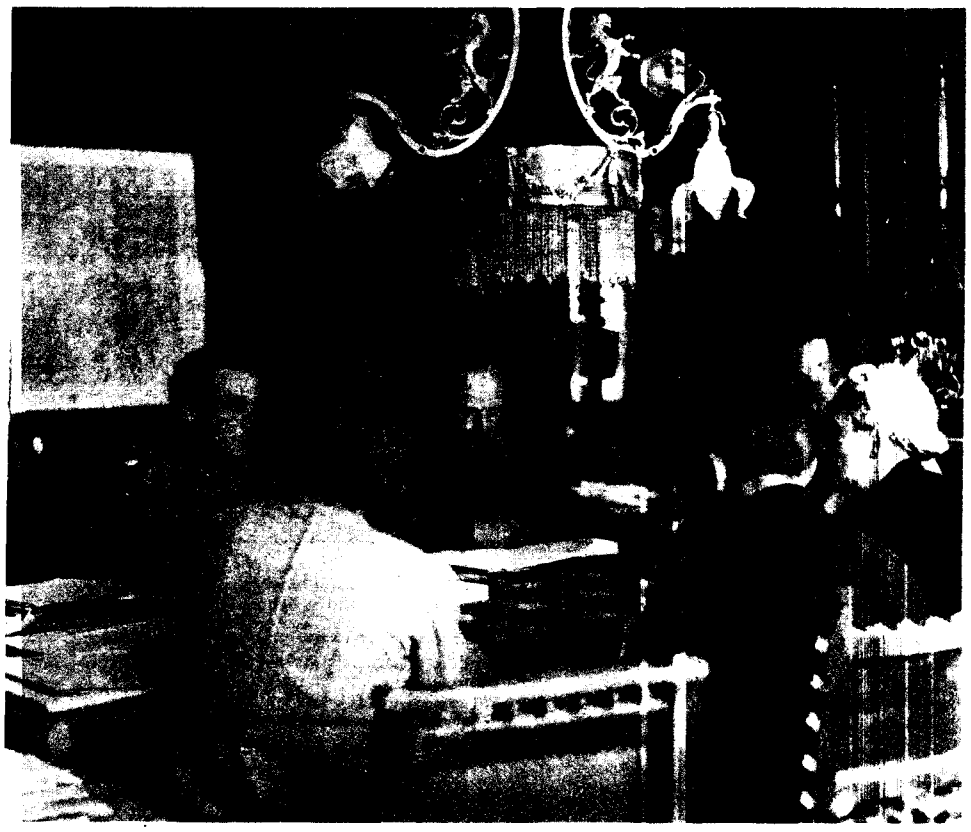
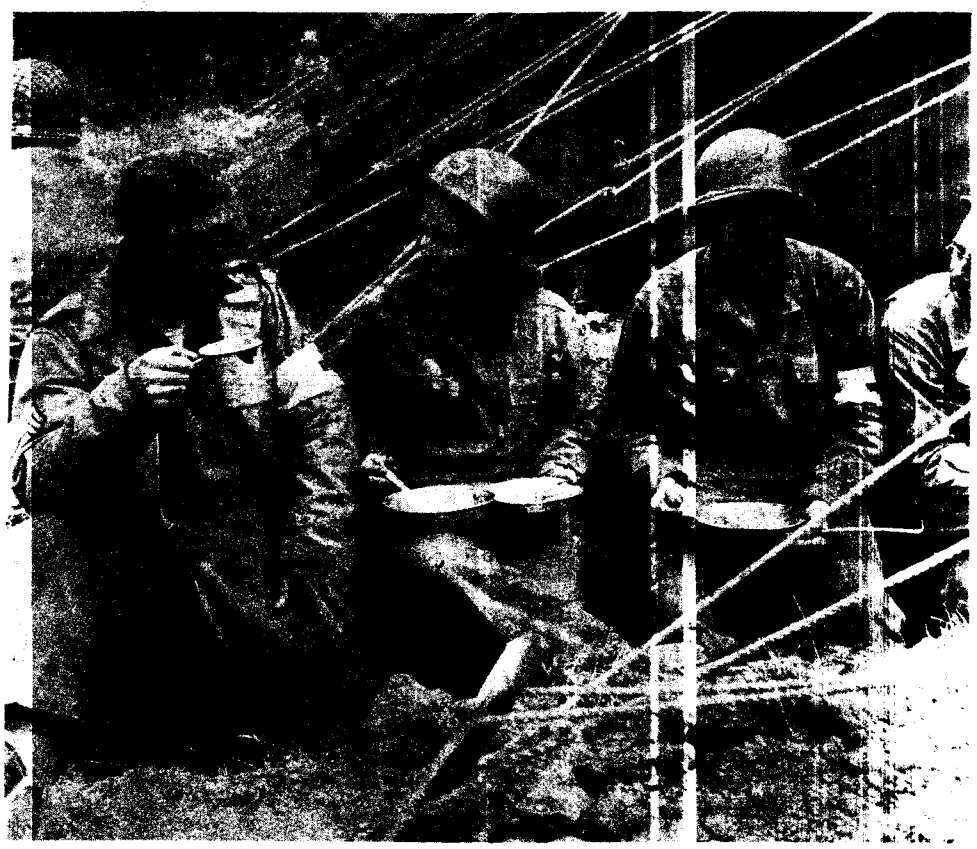
TOWNSPEOPLE SCAN BULLETINS AND ORDERS OF THE DISTRICT'S ALLIED CIVIL AFFAIRS TEAM.

AN INFANTRY [illegible]AN MARCHES ALONG A ROAD LEADING TO THE FRONT LINES.

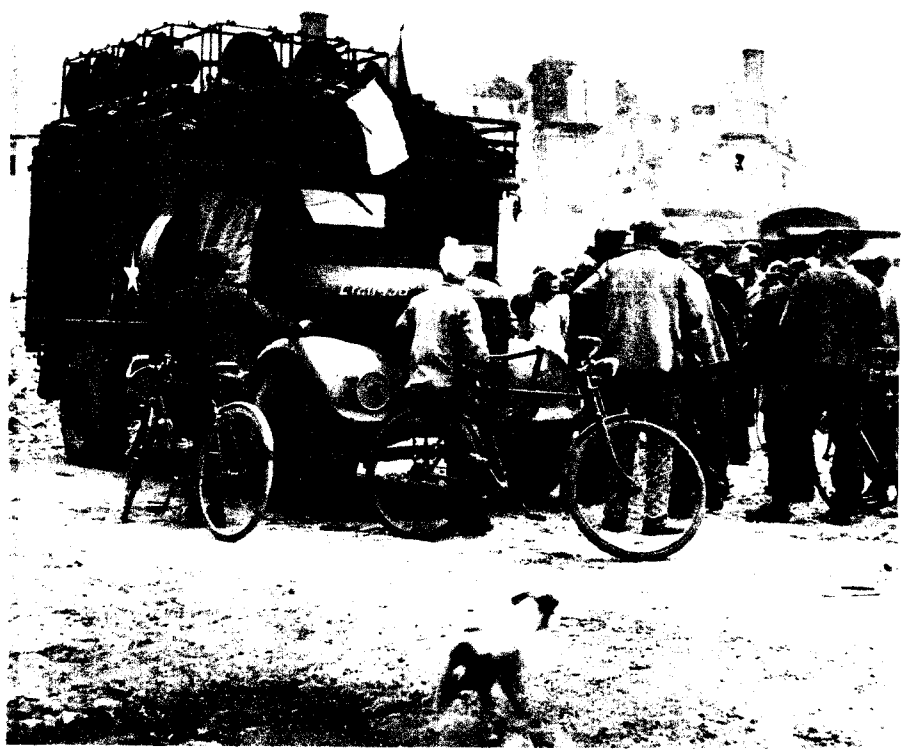


OFFICERS OF A CIVIL AFFAIRS TEAM QUESTION CITIZENS OF A CAPTURED FRENCH TOWN.

MEDICS LOAD U. S. WOUNDED INTO A C-47 BOUND FOR A HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND.



RED CROSS IS IN FRANCE, TOO. ARC GIRL JEAN DOCKHOLM EATS C RATIONS WITH GIS.



AN ARMY TRUCK WITH A PA SYSTEM BROADCASTS LATEST NEWS AND ORDERS.

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MAIL FROM ARMY POSTAL

Democracy?

Dear YANK:

Just read Cpl. Rupert Trimmingham's letter titled "Democracy?" in a May edition of YANK. [Cpl. Trimmingham described the way he was forced to eat in the kitchen of a station restaurant while a group of German prisoners was fed in the dining room—*Ed.*] We are white soldiers in the Burma jungles, and there are many Negro outfits working with us. They are doing more than their part to win this war. We are proud of the colored men here. When we are away from camp working in the jungles, we can go to any colored camp and be treated like one of their own. I think it is a disgrace that, while we are away from home doing our part to help win the war, some people back home are knocking down everything that we are fighting for.

We are among many Allied Nations' soldiers that are fighting here, and they marvel at how the American Army, which is composed of so many nationalities and different races, gets along so well. We are ashamed to read that the German soldier, who is the sworn enemy of our country, is treated better than the soldier of our country, because of race.

Cpl. Trimmingham asked: What is a Negro fighting for? If this sort of thing continues, we the white soldiers will begin to wonder: What are *we* fighting for?

Burma —Pvt. JOSEPH POSCUCCI (Italian)*

*Also signed by Cpl. Edward A. Kreutler (French), Pfc. Maurice E. Wenson (Swedish) and Pvt. James F. Malloy (Irish).

Dear YANK:

Allow me to thank you for publishing my letter. Although there was some doubt about its being published, yet somehow I felt that YANK was too great a paper not to. . . . Each day brings three, four or five letters to me in answer to my letter. I just returned from my furlough and found 25 letters awaiting me. To date I've received 287 letters, and, strange as it may seem, 183 are from white men and women in the armed service. Another strange feature about these letters is that the most of these people are from the Deep South. They are all proud of the fact that they are of the South but ashamed to learn that there are so many of their own people who by their actions and manner toward the Negro are playing Hitler's game. Nevertheless, it gives me new hope to realize that there are doubtless thousands of whites who are willing to fight this Frankenstein that so many white people are keeping alive. All that the Negro is asking for is to be given half a chance and he will soon demonstrate his worth to his country. Should these white people who realize that the Negro is a man who is loyal—one who would gladly give his life for this our wonderful country—would stand up, join with us and help us to prove to their white friends that we are worthy, I'm sure that we would bury race hate and unfair treatment. Thanks again.

Fort Huachuca, Ariz. —Cpl. RUPERT TRIMMINGHAM

■ Since YANK printed Cpl. Trimmingham's letter we have received a great number of comments from GIs, almost all of whom were outraged by the treatment given the corporal. His letter has been taken from YANK and widely quoted. The incident has been dramatized on the air and was the basis for a moving short story published recently in the *New Yorker* magazine.

Gen. De Gaulle

Dear YANK:

The De Gaulle-Allied government fracas is too blurred for ready understanding, and it seems to many of us that it is high time that our State Department brushed away the cobwebs so that the exact nature of the friction can be understood and, if possible, corrected. What most of us want answered is this: If Gen. De Gaulle is not acceptable to the Allied authorities, then who is? De Gaulle's recent appointment of an agent in Normandy has obviously irked our State Department. Here we are in the throes and agonies of a mighty and costly invasion—even as this note is typed men are being blasted into eternity—and we are still in the dark concerning the proper and responsible people into whose hands can be bestowed the highly important and serious task of setting up a strong and happy France.

The betrayers—the twentieth century Judases—are well known to the French people. Their fate will not be a pleasant or enviable one. None of this taint has ever touched De Gaulle. The papers report him as the choice of the people. Little wonder! He has a mind of his own and a definite program regarding the rehabilitation of his country. If this is so, why the confusion? why the back-alley talks? why the hush-hush surrounding this business? If such confusion exists so early in our great task, what can be expected when Poland, Holland and Germany come to be regoverned?

Bermuda —S/Sgt. ARTHUR J. KAPLAN

Seductive Irene Manning

Dear YANK:

Sgt. E. W. O'Hara, in a recent letter about pin-ups in YANK, speaks of "suggestiveness" in the "seductive-looking" picture of Miss Irene Manning. For the life of me, I can't see anything suggestive about it. Shouldn't you say that the suggestiveness and the suggestive look come from an "unclean" mind, not from the picture? . . .

Panama S/Sgt. CLIFF CROUCH*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. Raymond Cox.

Dear YANK:

. . . I can't understand why you would even publish such a letter. In my opinion Sgt. O'Hara owes Miss Manning an apology for his rude description of her picture. I have that picture over my locker and like it very much. I suggest Sgt. O'Hara go out and learn the facts of life from someone who has been around. Also, the boys in my platoon agree with me that he should be examined for Sec. 8. Keep the pin-up pictures coming. We like them.

Camp McCain, Miss. —Cpl. JOHN R. CREICH

Dear YANK:

. . . Nothing is wrong in having pin-up girls with us. If we look out for psychology, we can see that they are big for our morale. Yes *indeed*.

Panama —Pfc. FRANK T. LAMPARERO

Dear YANK:

. . . Maybe if some of those panty-waists had to be stuck out some place where there were no white women and few native women for a year and a half, as we were, they would appreciate even a picture of our gals back home. The good sergeant [and the other two signers of his letter] alibi that perhaps they are old-fashioned and go so far as to apologize for the mag [when sending it home]. . . . They must be dead from the neck up—and down. They can take their apology and jam it and cram it. And Pfc. Joseph H. Saling [who in the same issue criticized all pin-ups]—isn't he just too too? We suggest that when the next issue of YANK hits the PX these little boys refrain from buying it, as it is too rugged a mag for them to be reading. Perhaps later, when they grow up. We nasty old Engineers still appreciate YANK *with* its pin-ups.

Alaska —T-5 CHET STRAIGHT*

*Also signed by T-5s F. A. Wollbaum and Cooper Dunn and Pfcs. Robert Ross, Lloyd W. Finley and Elom Calden.

Dear YANK:

. . . Personally I'll take the pin-ups . . . and I'll take the pin-ups in seductive poses. Can you blame me?

Hunter Field, Ga. —Cpl. ANTHONY J. BARONE

Dear YANK:

. . . YANK gives us all the news and gags—and *especially* pin-up girls.

China-Burma-India —Pvt. WILLIAM E. SCHIF

Dear YANK:

. . . Don't slam our pin-ups. If I had a wife I would make sure her picture was up, but Irene Manning will do until that big day.

Fleet Post Office —R. C. WALTERS S1c

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a 10-cent coin of this realm for two copies of YANK—the issue containing the pin-up of Irene Manning. I'll have to dig this "seductive" shot that caused a bellow from some of the more "sensitive" lads in khaki. Maybe you could arrange for those brothers (who criticize the pose) to transfer to special duty with Will Hays. I haven't seen the picture yet, but knowing your policy I surely feel that it was within bounds. YANK has done a grand job on this barrack art, and I can say for myself, and, I guess, a lot of other GIs, that the pin-ups are OK and give much needed atmosphere to barren walls. . . . So let the latrine censors yelp. Continue to do a swell job—the "paper dollies" are reet with me.

Fort Huachuca, Ariz. —Sgt. BOB WILLIAMS

Sulfa Drugs

Dear YANK:

In reading a June issue of YANK I saw a statement in the story "Merrill's Marauders in Burma" which read as follows: ". . . a man had just finished pouring sulfa powder into Leitner's stomach wound and giving him sulfa pills." I have had many hours of instructions on first aid by the medical officers in the Army, and I have been taught never to give sulfa drugs when a man has a stomach wound. He is never given sulfa drugs because water must be taken after each pill and when a man has a stomach wound and he drinks water, the water goes into the abdominal cavity and produces peritonitis (which is inflammation of the lining of the abdomen), usually causing death. I think this statement should be clarified, as YANK has a lot of GIs who take YANK's information to be up to date and accurate.

Camp Maxey, Tex. —1/Sgt. CLARENCE J. VINCENT

■ Your point is very well taken. Sulfa drugs, when sprinkled on an open wound, are absorbed into the blood stream. It has been shown that the presence of drugs in the wound does not prevent the development of infection, but its presence in the blood serves to keep an infection that may be present from spreading. It is, therefore, generally preferable to give this drug to the wounded in the form of tablets by mouth. In *abdominal* wounds, however, it is always possible that the intestine has been opened, so that neither sulfa drugs nor anything else should be given by the mouth. It is all right—and helpful—to give the powder *externally* in such cases, sprinkling it on the wound.

Message Center

NCOs in the 512TH MP BN., once on a cadre in CAMP SHELBY: write Sgt. Stanley B. Dissinger, Co. L, 140 Inf., Camp Howze, Tex. . . . GIs who attended ATHENS (ALA.) COLLEGE, 1940-'41: write Pfc Luke Ingle, Signal Office, Mat. Island, Foster Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. RALPH QUARANTA, Lt. PERLMANN, JIM BURTON and HENRY ECKMAN: write (Pepsi the hamburger kid) Pvt. Al Lorch, Btry. A, 798 FA Bn., Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . RAY ARCHER SK2c, once in San Francisco: write Pfc. Richard W. Eastman, Det. S, Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Sgt. ROBERT BLOCH, last heard of with the Engrs. (National Guard) in Pacific: write Cpl. Hy Shabashov, 465 AAF Base Unit, Paine Field, Everett, Wash. . . . CHARLES F. BREITBECK, last heard of an A/C in Tenn.: write Cpl. Peter Loughlin, 131 Cml. Proc. Co., Edgewood Arsenal, Md. . . . JOSEPH CALLAHAN of Cambridge, Mass.: write T-5 A. Baglioni, Btry. A, 327th AAA S/L Bn. (SEM), Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . Pvt. BILL CLAY, in the 2d Sch. Sq., Lowry Field, in 1941: write Cpl. Charles Werry, 650th Bomb. Sq., 411th Bomb Gp., FAAF, Florence, S. C. . . . M/Sgt. DODRIDGE, once at Albrook Field, Canal Zone: write S/Sgt. Stephen A. Peck, 9th Ferrying Sq., 556 AAFLBAF, Long Beach, Calif. . . . Pvt. HAROLD D. DOTSON: write Pvt. Nathan W. Gann, BH & AB Sq., Sheppard Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. JOHN FARREL, in the 27th TS Sp., Jefferson Barracks, May 1941: write S/Sgt. Jack P. Dearth, 6th Floating Air Depot, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex. . . . Lt. GERALD FLAHERTY, last heard of in the 830th CA, Fort Monroe, Va.: write Sgt. David Satinover, 375 Ord. HAM Co., Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . THOMAS GAULDEN, once at Miami, Fla.: write Pfc. Johnnie M. Scott, Sec. F, AAB, Dalhart, Tex. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Pvt. EDWARD R. JONES, believed to be in Iceland: write Pvt. Warren L. Blankner, 3d Co. 1st Stud. Regt. Tng. Gp., The Armored Sch., Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Lt. LEON A. KEIF, last heard of at Edgewood Arsenal, Md.: write Cpl. Harry Balberg, Btry. F, 6th CA, Fort Baker, Calif. . . . AL LAURIO, attended Radio Sch., Scott Fld, 1942: write Sgt. Pat Liguori, APO Mail Clk., GAAF, Galveston, Tex. . . . Lt. JOE LEVY of New York, who took flight training down South: write Pvt. Clara Yelowsky, 3d WAC CWS, Hq. Det., Camp Detrick, Frederick, Md. . . . ELVIN W. LONG, once at Marfa AAB: write Pfc. Jesse L. Meador Jr., 18th Bomb. Maint. Sq. (VH) PAAF, Pratt, Kans. . . . Pvt. GEORGE C. LUKAS, last heard from at APO 763: write Pvt. Jean Schneider, WAC Det., Sec. 1, 1798 SU, Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Cpl. ERNEST MIDWINTER of San Jose, Calif.: write Pvt. Robert D. Sappington, 3014 AAF BU, Sec. C-III, Douglas, Ariz. . . . PHILIP J. (SPIKE) O'DONNELL of Everett, Mass.: write L. H. (Frizie) Frisiello F1/c, 6th BAT 0644, USNRB, Shoemaker, Calif. . . . KENNETH SCHOFIELD of Homestead Park, Pa., last heard of in Alaska: write Pfc. Maurice Motteram, Co. A, 56th Armd. Inf. Bn., Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Any information about Pvt. ELMER O. SMITH, 10th Def. Bn., USMC: write A/S David B. Weems, Prov. A/S Det. R-2, RAAF, Roswell, N. Mex. . . . LESLIE A. (PAT) SULLIVAN, last heard of in Camp Lee, Va.: write Pvt. Roy Ward, 102d QM Co., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH D. SUMNER, overseas: write Cpl. William E. Sumner, 1158 Sch. Sq. (Sp) OAAB, Orlando, Fla. . . . Pvt. STEPHEN J. SUPINA: write Lt. Armie T. James, MAAF, Marianna, Fla. . . . Sgt. BOB TREVE, BOB CRAWFORD and ED FAVORITE, at Fort Amador, C. Z., in '41, and Cpl. WALT ALLOY, once in 1st Inf. Div., Fort Dix, N. J.: write J. J. Cahill, 6708 Githens Ave., Merchantville, N. J. . . . S/Sgt. DANNY C. COSTANZO of the Bronx, formerly at Camp Ritchie, Md.: write Pvt. Paul Camky, Co. F, 1st Tng. Group, ASFTC-MOP, Jackson, Miss.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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THE SKY. THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN CAN HARDLY HEAR THE SIRENS ABOVE THE BUZZING OF THE INSECTS.

Creem on Air Raids

Pvt. Tom Creem of Brooklyn, N. Y. a free-lance newspaper and magazine artist in civilian life, drew these air-raid sketches in New Guinea. He is stationed there with an AA outfit.

AFTER THE RAID. THE CHAPLAIN READS FROM HIS BOOK A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING AND AT FIRST-AID TENT A LINE FORMS FOR TREATMENT OF THE MILDER CASUALTIES.

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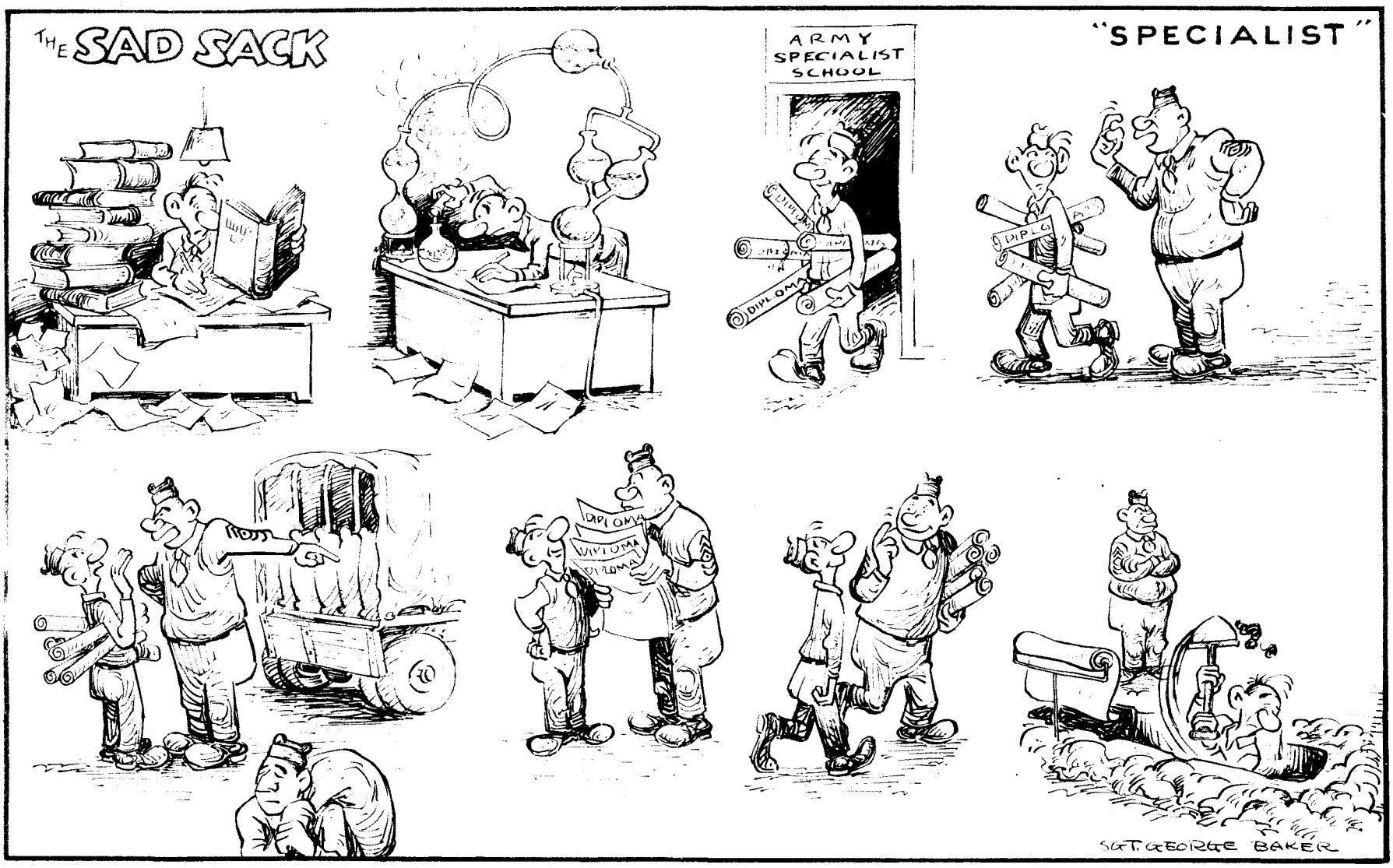


Great Day

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—Cpl. Robert Stenker was a quiet, mild-mannered man, about 34, with thin blond hair and soft brown eyes. He was just beginning to get a little stomach. On the morning of June 6 he came into the S-2 tent and sat down behind his typewriter, humming to himself. The invasion had started; it was a very fine morning.

At exactly 0845, 2d Lt. Joseph NMI Hillard stepped into the tent. Cpl. Stenker jumped to his feet and saluted. Lt. Hillard gave him a very snappy salute in return. In all Italy, this was probably the only tent in which an officer was saluted at the start of the day, but as the lieutenant often said: "I'm not a sticker for rules and regulations nor do I believe in being too GI. However, some Army traditions must be upheld. So you salute me once every morning, and we'll let it go at that."

Lt. Hillard was neat and trim, as lean and hard as any 21-year-old boy should be. He had clean-cut features, a small fierce dark mustache and a crisp elocution-class way of speaking. He sat down behind his field desk and asked: "Anything new this morning, corporal?"

Cpl. Stenker said: "Of course, sir, you heard the invasion had started?"

Lt. Hillard jumped up in his chair and banged the desk with his fist. "By God, no?" For a moment he stared at the corporal in thoughtful silence. "So they've done it! Of course you know what this means?"

"Why, it means the end of the war is in sight," Cpl. Stenker said happily. "I've been overseas 23 months. I'll be glad to get home, see my wife and get a job."

"A job?" Lt. Hillard repeated slowly. "Corporal, have you had many jobs?"

"Quite a few," Cpl. Stenker said, filing his reports. "Of course I had the usual run of small jobs. But I was sales manager for an electrical concern for several years. Got married then. I was 24."

"I suppose marriage is quite a responsibility?"

"Yes and no. If you make decent dough, you don't have much trouble. I was getting 75 a week then. I worked as an office manager for about a year; that only paid 60 a week. I've worked as a salesman and once I wrote copy for ads. Just before the war, I managed a direct-mail advertising concern. Going rather well. I'll probably return to it."

"Sound like decent jobs," the lieutenant said, lighting a cigarette. He always lit his cigarettes with a neat brisk movement. "I suppose most jobs pay around 50 a week?"

"Maybe in boom times. About 30 is the average."

"Thirty isn't much, when you have to consider rent and food," Lt. Hillard said.

"You certainly have to take those items into account. Clothes, too."

"I suppose this sounds strange," Lt. Hillard said, "but I've never had a job. I was in my second year at college, taking a BA, when I came into the Army and went to OCS. Civilian life will be quite a change. Don't think I'll go back to college. Too old. Have to look for a job."

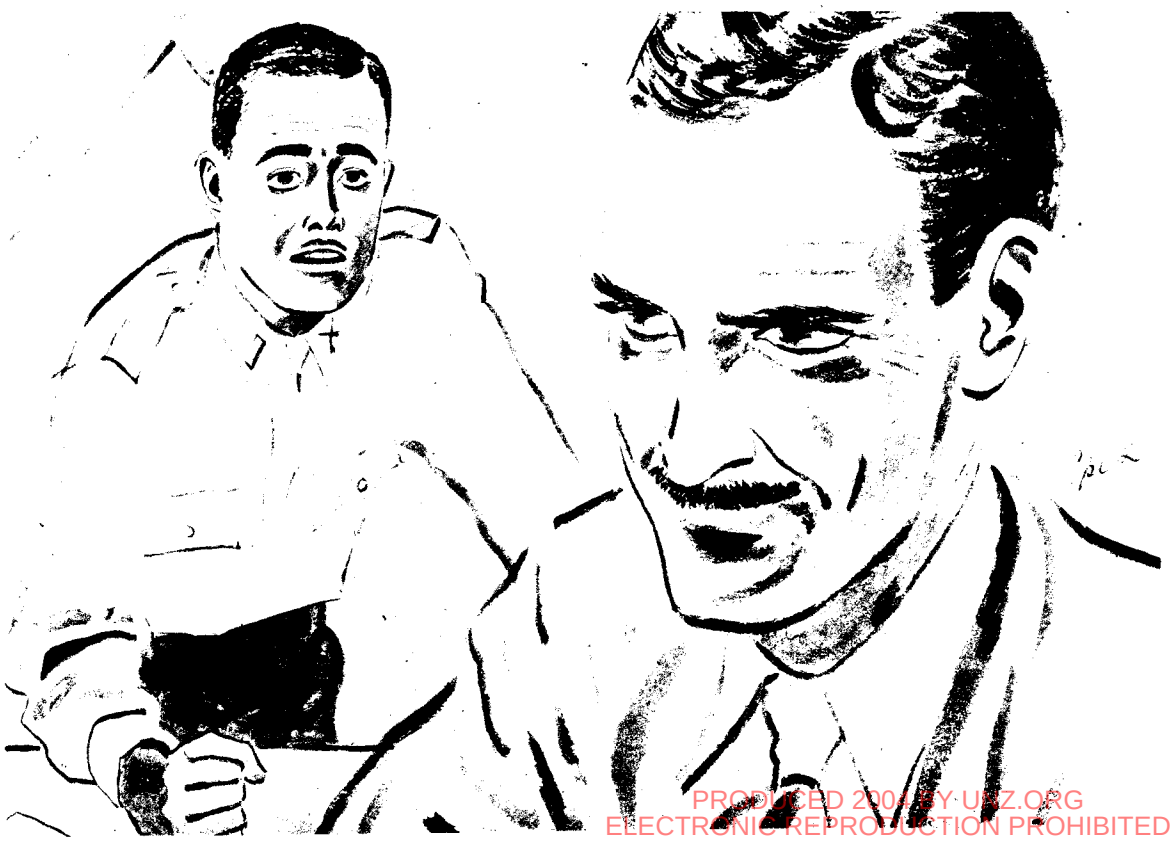
Cpl. Stenker lit a cigar and went on with his filing. Lt. Hillard smoked his cigarette and read a bulletin. Then he put that down and said: "So the invasion's started. I guess it's about time." He suddenly blew out a big cloud of smoke and killed his cigarette. "Bob," he said, "working in civilian life—I mean, getting a good job—it's about the same as the Army, isn't it? I mean, if a man could advance in the Army, he ought to—you know."

Cpl. Stenker was about to say it was pretty much the same, especially if you worked for a big concern. But he looked over at Lt. Hillard, noticed the tenseness in the lieutenant's face, and said casually: "No, I'm afraid it isn't, sir. I should say it was very much different. The Army is one thing, a civilian job another."

"I suppose so," Lt. Hillard said weakly.

"Yes, it's quite different," the corporal said.

Lt. Hillard opened a War Department letter and read it absently. Cpl. Stenker went on filing reports. He puffed on his cigar slowly, blowing out thin smoke rings. It's a fine day, he thought—first the invasion and now Lt. Hillard.



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Overseas Stripes

THE WD has authorized a new stripe, which it calls an overseas service bar, to be worn for each six months of total service overseas in this war. The device consists of a horizontal bar, ¼ inch wide and 1⅜ inches long, on a cloth background forming a border of ⅛ inch around the bar. It will be worn four inches from the end of the left sleeve on the blouse, the shirt and the wool field jacket used in the European and African theaters. For the blouse and jacket, it will be of gold lace or bullion on an OD background; on the shirt, it will be of golden yellow cloth on a khaki background. If the blouse has hash marks or the service chevrons of the first World War, the overseas bar will be worn above them.

Each bar worn will represent a full six-month period of service outside the continental limits of the U. S., computed from the day of departure from the States to the day of return. Periods of desertion and AWOL will not count. Alaska service merits the wearing of the stripe.

Infantry Pay Increases

President Roosevelt has signed the bill that gives a pay increase of $5 a month to wearers of the Expert Infantryman's badge and $10 a month to wearers of the Combat Infantryman's badge. Members of military and naval glider units are scheduled to receive a 50-percent increase in pay after an executive order is issued by the President defining the terms of the raise.

Paratroop Transfers

The WD has authorized voluntary enlistment in the Parachute Troops for all men between 18 and 32 in the Ground, Air and Service Forces. An applicant must not weigh more than 185, his height must not exceed 72 inches and his distant vision, uncorrected, must be 20/40 or better for each eye. Application for transfer should be made to the company commander.

Total Army Losses

Through deaths and other causes, the Army of the United States has lost 1,200,000 members between Dec. 7, 1941, and April 30, 1944. The latest cumulative figures (to the nearest thousand) show:

	Officers	Enlisted	Total
Total deaths	14,000	49,000	63,000
Honorable discharges	14,000	908,000	922,000
Prisoners and missing	12,000	50,000	62,000
Other separations	3,000	150,000	153,000
Totals	43,000	1,157,000	1,200,000

Battle Honors

Battle honors have been accorded by Presidential citation to three groups of the Eighth, Ninth and Twelfth Air Forces and to one squadron of the Ninth. The 319th Bombardment Group of the Twelfth was cited twice for outstanding performance in Italy. The 56th Fighter Group of the Eighth and the 57th Fighter Group and the 314th Fighter Squadron of the Ninth were cited once.

In the Pacific fighting, Presidential citations went to Company E and Company F, 148th Infantry Regiment, 37th (Ohio) Infantry Division, for their part in a counterattack which stopped a Japanese offensive on Bougainville.

The Women

Gen. Arnold has announced that recruiting and training of all additional Wasps will be terminated immediately "in view of the expression of Congress." (The Costello Bill, which contemplated increasing the number of Wasps and bringing them into the Air Forces, failed to pass the House of Representatives.)

More than 300 American women in England who have requested enlistment in the WAC will be inducted and given basic training there.

"What's up, Hideki? This is the fifth class in hara-kiri we've had this week!"

Bulletin Board

The publishing firm of Random House will give a prize of $2,500 for the best book on the return of servicemen and their adjustment to civilian life, written by an active or discharged member of the armed forces. The book may be fiction or nonfiction. Manuscripts must be at least 60,000 words long and must be submitted before May 31, 1945. Manuscripts or queries should be addressed to Servicemen's Prize Contest, Random House Inc., 20 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Cpl. Louis J. Kwartler of Co. C, 212th ITB, Camp Blanding, Fla., is compiling a book to be called "Commentaries by GI Joes About the Post-War World and What They Expect of It." Cpl. Kwartler solicits contributions of opinion from all officers and enlisted men in the armed forces.

Fifth Army Thrift

Since last December men of the Fifth Army in Italy have kept only about 20 percent of their pay for themselves; the remainder has been sent home in bonds, insurance and money orders. In December, the Fifth bought $33,250 in War Bonds for cash, $1,000,625 worth by allotment; in January $102,625 for cash, $1,123,475 by allotment; in February $487,725 for cash, $1,666,570 by allotment. Outstanding savers were the 3d (Marne) Division and the 45th (Thunderbird) Division at Anzio.

Washington OP

THE War Production Board and the War Department are arranging priorities for strong standard-sized cardboard boxes for mailing Christmas packages to GIs overseas, so that fewer packages than last year will come apart or be damaged in transit. Army Postal Service expects to handle about 40 million Christmas packages (twice last year's load) between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15, the time during which packages marked "Christmas Parcel" can be mailed overseas without written requests from the GIs on the receiving end. Weight and size restrictions remain the same—five pounds, 15 inches in length and 36 inches in length and girth combined. Soldiers leaving the States shortly before or after Oct. 15 will be limited to one package per man from the same person, and the sender must present a change-of-address card received after Sept. 30. For others the limit is one package per man per week from the same person. . . . Those who are sweating out a spirituous Christmas might as well turn to local stock; intoxicants still can't go through the mail.

The Post Office Department says that soldiers overseas are getting its entire monthly output of 40 million 6-cent stamped air-mail envelopes and that the red-white-and-blue border is being eliminated to increase the output. If you are one of the soldiers using these envelopes, though, don't be fooled into thinking that APS necessarily carries them by air mail. They are good for mail service to this country, and while the APS gives them priority over all other mail except V-mail, it is under no obligation to carry them by air.

The Medics need 3,000 officer candidates in the next three or four months for the Medical Administration Corps, to be trained to act as assistant battalion surgeons and replace medical officers at battalion-aid stations 400 yard or so from the front. These men will handle basic medical work such as stopping hemorrhages, giving morphine, fixing splints and bandaging, and they will relieve critically needed doctors for more specialized work in rear-echelon hospitals. Two schools, at Camp Barkely, Tex., and Carlisle Barracks, Pa., will give six-week courses leading to second lieutenants' commissions to men drawn from the Army Service Forces in this country. Men with medical training, pre-medical study in college, or work in the medics or in dispensaries, probably will receive the most favorable consideration. All applicants must be general-service men. A few men have already been graduated from the course at Barkley and are overseas.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Iraq-Iran: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.; Cpl. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Richard Gaige, DEML.

China-Burma-India: Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Sgt. Seymour Friedman, Sig. Corps.

Southwest Pacific: Cpl. LaFayette Locke, AAF; Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Inf.; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF; Sgt. Charles Pearson, Engr.; Cpl. Ralph Boyce, AAF; Cpl. Bill Alcine, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Charles Rathe, DEML; Cpl. George Bick, Inf.; Pfc. John McLeod, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.

South Pacific: Sgt. Barrett McGurn, Med.; Sgt. Dillon Ferris, AAF; Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Inf.

Hawaii: Sgt. James L. McManus, CA; Sgt. Richard J. Nihill, CA; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.

Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF; Cpl. John Haverstick, CA; Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Sgt. John Hay, Inf.

Puerto Rico: Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML; Cpl. Jud Cook, DEML; Sgt. Don Cooke, FA.

Trinidad: Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Cpl. John Moran.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Sp(x)3c.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Hawaii, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt; Iran, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; South Pacific, Capt. Justus J. Craemer; Alaska, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Panama, Capt. Howard J. Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone.

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camp news

Pvt. Alfred Cummings and his pretty, portable wife Jacqueline sit pensively on the stoop of their ninth home in a little over two years. They hope to stay a while.

This GI Wife Is a Suitcase-Packin' Mama

Daniel Field, Ga.—When Pfc. Alfred Cummings of the 5th Squadron enlisted in March 1942, his wife Jacqueline made a great tactical error—she went out and bought a suitcase. She should have bought a trailer.

Pfc. Cummings has spent 28 months in the Army and has made 14 changes of station, covering approximately 25,000 miles by rail and bus. His wife has gone every step of the way with him, barely getting her suitcase unpacked before Al would be off again. Almost always Jackie has been able to land a job to help pay for the groceries.

The Cummings itinerary started at Camp Grant, Ill., and has carried the couple to Maxwell Field, Ala.; Lafayette, La.; Keesler Field, Miss.; Camp Crowder, Mo.; Salt Lake City Army Air Base, Utah; Kansas City, Mo.; Ogden, Utah, and Truax Field, Wis., not to mention five brief way stops in between.

Al was an air cadet the first six months. Until he made permanent party at Keesler Field, he lived on the post and saw his wife only at brief moments whenever he could. The Cummingses regard Keesler as the low spot in their travels for two reasons. The first was a sergeant who met them at the station and immediately took Al off without giving him a chance to say good-bye to Jackie, much less help her find a place to stay in nearby Biloxi. The other was a greedy landlord who, after Al was elevated to the station complement, charged the couple $18 a week for a sleeping room. Jackie got a job at the PX, but it still took every penny they could muster to take care of their room rent, board and incidentals.

The bright spot in their wanderings was when Al was attending radio school in Kansas City. Al's detachment was quartered in the Robert E. Lee Hotel. Civilians were allowed to live on the upper floors while the Army had the lower ones. Jackie was installed on the eighth while Al was on the third. Al still corresponds with the elevator boy there.

Now the young couple live in Augusta where they have a bedroom with kitchen privileges. They'd like to stay put for a while, Al with his job in Special Service and Jackie at her job in town with a dental technician, but they've grown wise to the Army's ways. Jackie's suitcase is never fully unpacked and Al's barracks bags are always on the alert.

"We don't really care what happens now," Jackie says, "because as long as we're together we can never be unhappy." —**Sgt. LEON JACOBSON**

75th's Junior Commandos

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—S/Sgt. Earl Sanko, mess sergeant of F Co., 290th Inf., found four kids drilling on an Owensboro (Ky.) street one day. They were not much better than the average inductee on his first day at drill. Sgt. Sanko took the youngsters in hand and now has a sizable group who have organized themselves into the "75th Division Junior Commandos."

When he took over, the sergeant, who'd had experience with youth organizations when he was in the sheriff's office at Martinez, Calif., agreed to meet the kids each Sunday afternoon. He had no idea that the turn-out the first Sunday would be what it was. The original cadre of four showed up, and each boy brought three or four others with him. The organization continued to grow in the weeks that followed.

For two months the youngsters have been drilling on Sunday afternoons. They wear the Infantry braid on their oversized GI caps and the 75th Division's patch on their shoulders. The outfit reached the pinnacle of its success when it made an unscheduled appearance at a review here under the eye of the 75th's commander, Maj. Gen. F. B. Prickett.

GI to Blame for Yo-Yo

Woodward Army Air Field, Okla.—If you've ever gone a little crazy trying to handle a yo-yo, perhaps you'd like to know who's responsible for the thing. A large share of the blame belongs to Sgt. Thomas S. Ives of Oak Park, Ill., who is assigned to the Special Service office here. He's one of the owners of the company that manufactures the toy.

The yo-yo invaded the American way of life in 1930 when the sergeant's brother-in-law, Donald F. Duncan, another owner of the company, was stopping at a Los Angeles hotel and noticed a Filipino bellhop playing with a curious gadget attached to a string.

"Don questioned the boy," Sgt. Ives says, "and he learned that the toy had been a favorite of Filipino children for generations. He hired the bellhop as a demonstrator, brought him and the toy home and together we invented the name yo-yo."

Ives then went on the road to publicize the toy and, after three years of traveling around this country, decided to go abroad and make the people of other countries yo-yo conscious. He spent two years overseas on the project.

In October 1942, he went overseas again, this time as a radio operator with an Army antisubmarine group. One day he went on a pass and visited the native quarter of an African city. One of the first sights he saw was an Arab kid, sitting on his haunches, playing with a yo-yo.

RADIO INTERFERENCE

AAFTC #1, Miami Beach, Fla.—Sgts. Zeke Segal and Irving Walters attempted to bring news broadcasts by amplification to the mess hall in the Town House here. But when men of the 3504th Base Unit started slupping, it wasn't even a close race. The loudspeakers, which once were used to announce the races at Flamingo Park, just weren't mechanically able to compete with the GIs.

Glad to See You, Sarge

Fort Brady, Mich.—S/Sgt. John D. Arney was inspecting the area around Sabin Lock with two officers when he heard cries for help coming from the nearby canal. Arney rushed over and in the early-morning darkness saw a man struggling in the water.

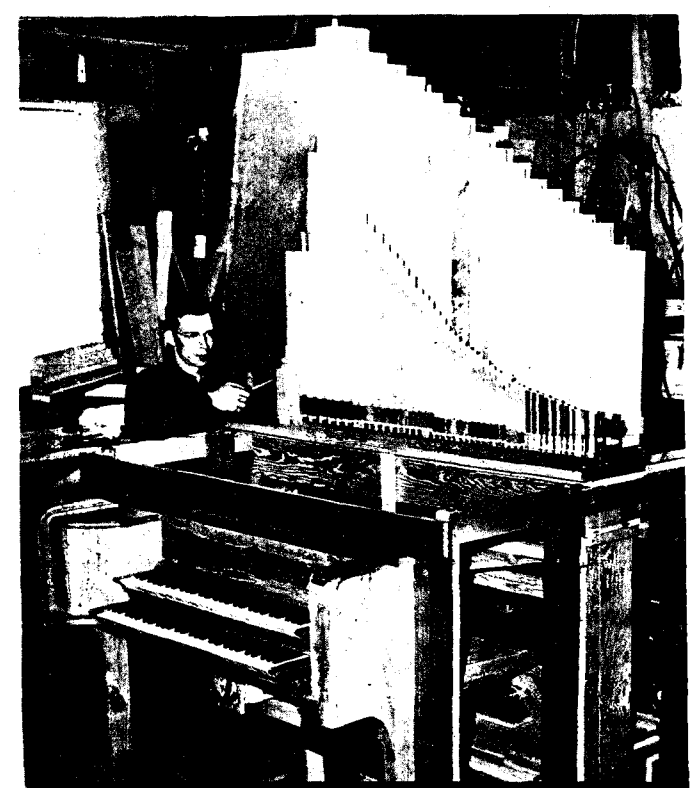
The sergeant found a life preserver and threw it to the man, who was then pulled to safety. He was Pvt. William J. Raff of Co. B, 729th MP Bn., who had been walking his post along the canal when he suddenly lost consciousness and fell in.

When he hit the water, Raff regained consciousness and started to swim. When he reached the wall of the smoothly constructed lock, he could find no hold. He was rapidly tiring when Arney heard his cry. Pvt. Raff's first words to the sergeant were: "Sergeant, this is one time I'm sure glad to see you."

Wacs Commended

Fort Jackson, S. C.—A bazooka rocket accidentally exploded here recently and seriously injured 22 soldiers who were in the vicinity. Immediately there was an urgent need for whole blood, and a call for donors was sent out.

First to respond and in great number were members of WAC Detachment No. 1, commanded



PERSONAL PIPES. T-5 Charles W. McManis of Camp Roberts, Calif., builds an organ in his spare time. He did the same kind of work in civilian life.

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Pfc. Walter Gruber of Camp Ellis, Ill., exhibits a one-woman show. All pin-ups are of his girl, Ann Guerra.

Put Them All Together And They Spell 'Ann'

Camp Ellis, Ill.—Pvt. Walter Gruber, with the Engineer Casual Detachment, has own ideas on the subject of pin-ups. He has a collection of 156 pictures and they're all of the same girl—Ann Guerra, 18, of Chicago, Ill.

"This does not include the hundred I lost when I transferred from my last station," Pvt. Gruber says. "Every letter my girl sends me has a new picture of her, and she writes me almost every day. That is, except for the past week; she had ptomaine poisoning and wasn't able to have her picture taken."

Gruber has several wallets filled with Miss Guerra's pictures. "No two pictures are alike," he says. "Either her pose, her hair or her dress is different every time."

Gruber and his girl met accidentally a little more than two years ago. She was looking out of a window of her apartment, and he saw her while he was working as a clerk for a construction company. During those first days, Gruber didn't get much work done until he got up enough courage to speak to Ann. Since then, he says, everything has been fine.

The flood of pictures started after he entered the Army. "Mind you," he says, "collecting pictures is not a hobby with me. She's the only girl I've ever kept a picture of, and if everything works out right, I hope to make it permanent."

In the meantime, the pictures pile up.

by 1st Lt. Leonie C. Flynn. As the result of the Wacs' response the Surgical Service had a surplus of blood at all times. Many of the donors offered to serve in the emergency operating rooms and wards in the days following the accident.

The detachment was officially commended by Lt. Col. W. T. Barron, chief of surgical service at the station hospital.

Hammer Field, Calif.—A total of $300 was received by Sgt. Howard J. Lewis of the 461st Base Unit here as the result of a 500-word essay he wrote on "Why I Fight." A $50 War Bond came from the contest sponsors, the AAFTC at Miami Beach, Fla., and $250 from the magazine *This Week* for permission to print the essay.

Stout Field, Ind.—Cpl. Louis Lipsky was on late CQ and was to relieve Cpl. LaVerne Chase. Lipsky spent an hour on bed check and came back with a very complete list of absentees. The list included the name of Cpl. Chase, who was waiting patiently in the orderly room for Lipsky to relieve him so that *he* could get to bed.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pvt. Berislav Svelba is a former merchant seaman who is a native of Czechoslovakia and has had only a short time to get used to things in this country. He was in Washington, D. C., when he decided to enlist. His choice was the Navy, and he asked someone in the busy capital for directions to the Navy recruiting office. That someone directed him to the Army recruiting office by mistake. Svelba found himself in the Army before he realized the error.

Buckley Field, Colo.—This field's PT department claims to be the first to install and use a round boxing ring for its weekly boxing cards. The new ring, which is supposed to prevent stalling, was designed by members of the PT department, under the supervision of Pvt. Merle Vannoy, boxing instructor.

Camp Fannin, Tex.—Sgt. Charles Lee Hill, with the Special Service office, is the composer of an original swing composition for band, "At the Gremlin Ball," which has just been published by the New York City music publishing firm of Carl Fischer Inc. Hill has also sold the same company a swing novelty number for military band, "Deep in Dixie." The sergeant was a Texas high-school band director before entering the Army in 1942.

Moody Field, Ga.—Comic strip readers familiar with "Smilin' Jack" have been tipped off as to the identity of the girl who was Maj. Zack Mosley's inspiration for the Wac character, Bunny Beam. She is Sgt. Agnes Maw, control-tower operator at this field, whose husband, 1st Sgt. Walter R. Maw, is now in England. She asks: "Does that make my husband Wagon Wheels?"

Smoky Hill Army Air Field, Kans.—Pfc. Sidney Kierson has developed a new angle to snag extra spending money from home. Whenever he writes and is in need of money, he uses red ink. "It always works," he says. "The folks got the idea immediately."

TOUGH SUDS. A temporary laundry shut-d at Moore Field, Tex., put Sgt. "Never Say" Dye the Medics to work luxing his strictly non-GI und

SKY FOUNTAIN. This demonstration at the AAF Tactical Center in Orlando, Fla., is the latest in combat training. White phosphorous bombs, the same type that covered landings at Rabaul, fall by night. These babies throw smoke clouds to confuse enemy gunners and scatter white-hot antipersonnel fragments as well.

TEMPERATURE UP. A patient at Woodrow W Hospital in Staunton, Va., Pfc. William Cleve wounded in Oran, North Africa, knocks a few

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

HOLLYWOOD

Lynn Bari

Lynn Bari introduced the "woo-woo" dress in her latest, "Sweet and Low-Down." The garment, so named by 200 teen-age jitterbugs who saw the picture, is a figure-hugging black sheath with revealing cut-outs in a beaded lace bodice. Fifteen-year-old jive expert Paul Graeff explained: "Woo-woo means you're strictly a drool-cup, a slick-chick with a skeleton that's zoot, root and solid to boot, and a rusty-dusty that's hep. In other words, you're the kind of dig-me-devil dish that makes a hep-wolf cry, 'Hey, squirrel, let's twirl,' and has him swooning to be wooing you." . . . One of the major roles of the year has gone to Greg McClure, a former Atlanta (Ga.) boy, who has been cast in the title role of Bing Crosby Productions' "The Great John L." Feminine leads in the picture, the first under the new Crosby banner, are played by Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton. . . . Rosemary La Planche, facing the cameras in "Heavenly Days," has just been voted "the girl we should most like to find in a mail pouch" by an Army postal unit in Iceland. Stars of the picture are radio's Fibber McGee and Molly. . . . Monogram and RKO will share the new contract just signed by Gale Storm, cinema newcomer, who scored in "Where Are Your Children?", juve delinquency film made by Monogram. . . . Marines at Camp El Toro, Calif., have dubbed Gale Robbins, 20th Century-Fox starlet, the "female Sinatra." The enthusiastic leathernecks told Miss Robbins they "would scream for her anytime."

Pacific GIs Pick a Band

Choosing Benny Goodman for a reed spot and also as leader, the staff of the Cockatoo, GI newspaper published in the South Pacific, has picked its own all-star band.

On reeds, it lists Hymie Shertzer, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Carter, Eddie Miller, Charlie Barnett; trumpets, Harry James, Charlie Spivak, Ziggy Elman; trombones, Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Glenn Miller; rhythm, Count Basie, Allan Reuss, Bob Haggart, Gene Krupa; vocalists, Frank Sinatra, Helen Forrest, Jo Stafford, Pied Pipers.

OUR Department of Facts and Figures in the Matter of Pin-up Girls has gone AWOL this week and so we can't tell you much about Joan Lawrence—except that she appears to have done pretty well herself in providing one figure. Joan, a newcomer to the screen, is in MGM's "Ziegfeld Follies."

SWOONER PUSH. Frank Sinatra gave the song below, written by two GIs, a shove into fame when he introduced it on the air last fall. With the invasion, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin" has surged to the top.

By Sgt. JOE BUSHKIN
and Pvt. JOHN DE VRIES

THERE'LL be a hot time in the town of Berlin,
When the Yanks go marching in.
I wanna be there boy
And spread some joy
When they take old Berlin.
There'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin,
When the Brooklyn boys begin
To take the joint apart
And tear it down,
When they take old Berlin.
They're gonna start a row
And show them how
We paint the town back in Kokomo.
They're gonna take a hike
Through Hitler's Reich,
And change the "Heil" to "Whatcha know, Joe."
There'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin,
When the Yanks go marching in.
You could never keep 'em happy down on the farm
After they take Berlin.

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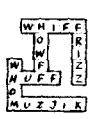
COAST TO COAST

"What a Romeo," a new Shubert musical, goes into rehearsal on Aug. 15 and is scheduled for a Boston (Mass.) opening around the middle of September. . . . Woody Herman and his band have set some sort of record in Chicago, having been booked into three separate spots—the Chicago Theater, the Oriental and College Inn—within 3½ months. . . . The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, is scheduled to begin its season of 18 concerts on Oct. 18. . . . Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, who appeared on the Red Skelton air show, will have their own program, which will occupy the slot formerly held by "Silver Theatre." . . . The Sunken Gardens Theater in San Antonio will be renovated at a cost of $14,000 and made available soon for outdoor shows. . . . Bob Anthony, vocalist with Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra, was fired after he lost a decision to an unidentified serviceman in the lobby of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. . . . Marilyn Duke, former thrush with Vaughn Monroe's band, is working as a single at the Frolics at Revere Beach, Mass. . . . The Philadelphia Opera Company has announced a repertoire of four operas for its forthcoming seventh season. The company will start a 20-week tour in October. . . . Circleville, Ohio, named a park for band leader Ted Lewis.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

A second-time winner in this contest was A/C Donald Bergstrom, San Antonio ACC, Tex., with a score of 385. Prize puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: A/C Donald E. Williams, Santa Ana AAB, Calif., whose solution with a score of 391 is shown; Capt. W. C. Littlewood, Eglin Field, Fla. (391); T-3 Peter Watkins, Santa Fe, N. Mex. (384); Pvt. Gabriel Marks, Camp Crowder, Mo. (383), and Cpl. Arthur Freeman, Keesler Field, Miss. (383).



NIGHT SPOTS

Marva Louis

Cafe Zanzibar, with a show headed by Marva Louis, wife of heavyweight champ S/Sgt. Joe Louis, broke a long-standing location jinx at 50th and Broadway. Completing a year of continuous good fortune, the Zanzibar celebrated during the week of July 8 with special entertainment and gave out special awards to previous club operators who had failed to make the location pay in the past. . . . Two new niteries opened in Philadelphia despite the reduced patronage occasioned by the increased tax situation. Ciro's was added to the Palumbo management and the new Everglades Club took over the spot which housed the 69th Street Rathskeller. . . . The tax-busted Blossom C Club has been reopened and is offering three acts and a four-piece band nightly to Omaha (Nebr.) patrons. . . . The Monte Carlo, a carriage-trade nitery for New Yorkers well heeled with cash, takes a step into the future this month with the opening of one of its rooms as a television theater. . . . Bill Robinson and Rochester are opposing each other in Chicago. Bill is at the Rio Cabana, while the gravel-voiced comic of Jack Benny fame is luring the customers to the Oriental Theater. . . . The Trocadero, Los Angeles nitery, becomes the Copacabana on Aug. 1, with Felix Young making his second try at this location. . . . After being closed for three years, the Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago, was renovated and reopened the end of last month. Vivian Anola is producing a show which is headlined by the Darlings of Rhythm, a 14-piece gal orchestra, Two Bits of Rhythm, Joe Stack and Jessie Davis.

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PX

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The Girl With the Legs

He was in the big room of the USO, flipping the pages of a new *Esquire*, when he became aware of a pair of startling feminine legs hanging from the sofa across from him.

Looking up, he let his eyes go to the face that went with the legs—not bad, he thought—and down to the still startling legs. The girl held a copy of "Murder at the Opera" in her lap but she was now quite occupied with touching up her make-up. Suddenly she looked up, but he was fast and by the time she saw him he was casually skimming the pages of the magazine.

Again his eyes went up, but very indifferently, in her direction. The girl was smiling at him. He found himself smiling back, but then an inherent bashfulness asserted itself and again he was turning the pages, blood flushing his face.

In a little while, through the part of the eye that can see without meaning to, he was conscious again of the legs moving. Somehow he felt the girl was still smiling at him. He determined he would talk to her. At that instant he felt the sofa on which he was sitting give under the impact of someone plopping on it next to him.

He saw that it was another GI. The guy started to talk immediately, even before he had settled himself. "Boy," the newcomer exploded to no one in particular, "I feel like a million bucks and I think I could take on a dozen Japs and Germans with one pinky."

The newcomer looked at the girl with the legs and was suddenly on his feet and then sitting next to her.

"I know you," he was saying. "I danced with you a few times at the service club, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, her eyes bright with recollection.

"Whattaya say to a coke, eh?" asked the newcomer.

"Swell," said the girl. The two walked off, babbling beautifully, holding hands.

His eyes followed them to the snack bar and then slipped to the magazine. It was open now at the picture of the Varga girl.

"Oh, goddam," he said aloud. Then he got up and walked out into the street.

Boca Raton Field, Fla. —Pvt. JOSEPH WHALEN

—Cpl. Bill Thomas, Williams Field, Ariz.

GI MOTHER GOOSE

Cpl. Jill ran up a bill
  And soon was in hot water.
Ermine wraps for after taps
  Were fine—until they caught her.

•

Mary served a little Spam;
  Her guests were GI gents.
The case was tried by Uncle Sam;
  The verdict: Self-defense.

•

Pvt. Peter Punkineater
Had a wife but couldn't beat her.
Took up Judo; never wins.
Damn civilian rolling pins!

•

I see a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea,
And that's me at the railing
  Fresh from POE.

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —Sgt. JOHN W. GREENLEAF

TO A FRIEND GOING INTO THE NAVY

Manhattan is a fine town,
  A legendary city
Where all the bars are wet with Scotch
  And all the girls are pretty.

The ships slip out, the trains roar in,
  The cabs rush up and down—
A busy place, a dizzy place,
  This lovely, sinful town.

And there are pitfalls for the young:
  The Times Square Lorelei,
The brimming glass, the scarlet lip,
  The bright mascaraed eye.

So, if your way be virtuous
  (And such it is, I'm sure),
Walk wide of little old New York
  And you'll stay chaste and pure.

But if your soul is like to mine
  And if your thirst is, too—
Then meet me there some Friday night;
  We'll see what we can do.

Camp Gordon, Ga. —T-4 ROBERT MURRAY

WAIT

Think not too much, just now, of me
Nor dwell too long on what has been
Or is to be.
But, darling, teach your heart to wait and hunger not.
The days are long that I'll be long away,
And longer still the nights when memories will mock
Your every thought and silence will enclose you in its tomb.
Sweet longings for the days to come
Will not conceive, nor nurture them to life.
And memories that are to be
May not be worth the memories that are;
So trust them not.
Be free of all that is, or was, or is to be.
Be patient, and instruct your heart to wait, my love:
Think not too much, just now, of me.

USMA, West Point, N. Y. —Cpl. THOMAS C. CARROLL

Creeping Death

It was an awfully pretty day, and I was in such a lovely mood that even the hitherto distasteful task of raking our pebbly road became soothing. The cool mistiness of early morning and the song of the birds mingled together and formed a private universe in which I drifted with exquisite lack of responsibility. I shifted pebbles here and yon with utter contentment.

I was jolted out of the spell by the distinct and disconcerting sound of a sniffle smothered by a sleeve. I turned around and there stood Maurice Struthers, a charming lad who had caused our first sergeant to develop several complexes. He was a rather awkward fellow, with haunted eyes and a consistently defeated manner.

He stared at me fixedly until the situation cried for relief.

"Well," I said, "what the hell is the matter with you?"

"Why are you so happy?" he asked.

"Who wouldn't be," I said, "on a day like this?"

Maurice sighed. "Did you know I am sick?"

"Get out o' here," I said. "Why'ncha go on sick call?"

"Them medicos ain't no good. They got no feeling. They don't know——." He ended mysteriously.

I moved away with my rake, plainly showing dismissal of him, but he pursued me.

"Look," he said, tapping my shoulder. "I'm bad off. All I am is a mass of germs. Things are wrong in here." He tapped his chest. "Things crawl around in me." He squirmed. I mopped my forehead, still whistling my merry tune.

"Don't get me wrong," said Maury, brightening. "Don't misunderstand. I love the Army. I love the life it leads me. I love the food and I like the hikes. I go for drilling, too, but"—he paused and misery crept over his face—"I can't take it. My feet are in a terrible condition. If it wasn't for them, or if my head didn't hurt, I could march all night, happily."

I still whistled merrily and lounged on the rake handle.

He kicked in silent misery at a stone.

"F'rinstance," he said, "take yesterday. We were doing calisthenics. Now, there's nothing I like better than a good old round of calisthenics. But I can't take it. Doing them bends nearly wrenched my back. It's still sore." He stooped forward so I could see how it hurt him. Agony crossed his face. "You see?"

I still whistled.

"And my sinus," he said. "I tell you, there ain't another man in the country has sinus like mine. I'd enjoy wearing a gas mask, except for my sinus. They kill me whenever I put it on."

"You're really in bad shape," I said.

"Just a mass of germs is all I am."

"Creeping death."

"Tobacco Road on a dark night."

There was a moment of silence.

"Well," said Maurice, "I got to get some rest. G'bye."

I watched him drag across the company street. Then I began raking again and whistling. I noticed later that I was whistling the "Dead March" from "Saul."

Camp Kohler, Calif. —Pvt. J. E. MILLER

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SPORTS: TWELVE THOUSAND MILES FROM GRIFFITH STADIUM

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Neither of the glider crews heard the C-47 pilot shout "There's home plate! Good luck!" as they cut loose. There was no radio communication on this mission because enemy airfields were too near. But the glider crews and their load of Wingate's Chindits were satisfied anyhow. The C-47 pilot had led them safely over the jutting jungle-clad 7,000-foot Chin Hills and across enemy-held positions east of the Chindwin River and had delivered them right on the nose at one of the few spots in Burma 200 miles behind the Jap lines where enemy troops would not be waiting to greet them.

It was a neat demonstration of flying skill on the pilot's part, done with the same keen eye and split-second timing that once won him a place on the American League all-star team. Capt. John K. (Buddy) Lewis, the former Washington Senators third baseman, had justified his nomination to the U. S. Army Air Corps' all-star flying aggregation, the 1st Air Commando Force.

Lewis, an ex-GI who went to cadet flying school, was stationed with the Troop Carrier Command at Lawson Field, Ga., after winning his wings in December 1942. Despite his lack of overseas experience, Lewis was chosen by Col. Phil Cochran—the original Flip Corkin of "Terry and the Pirates"—while the colonel was organizing the Air Commando Force last autumn. Buddy was just a rookie compared with veteran Commando pilots like Maj. William T. Cherry, Maj. Jake Sartz and Capt. Dick Cole. Cherry, an old air-lines flyer, was Eddie Rickenbacker's pilot on the ill-fated South Pacific flight. Sartz, a veteran Hump pilot between India and China, had ferried 75 refugees out of Burma in a rickety DC-3 during the 1942 retreat. Cole was co-pilot for Gen. Jimmy Doolittle on the Tokyo raid and later became a Hump pilot. They were really big-league flyers. But Cochran figured Lewis could make the grade in fast company. He wasn't wrong.

Lewis and the other transport pilots flew 8 to 12 hours a night during the first week of the Burma invasion. After delivering gliders the first night, they went back the next six nights loaded with Wingate's reinforcements plus mules, artillery and supplies. They landed their planes on a jungle airstrip made in 24 hours by glider-delivered U. S. airborne engineers.

Several days after the Burma landings, which he weathered with nothing more serious than the loss of several hours' sleep, Lewis turned up at sick call as a casualty. He had a shiner and a bruised knee as a result of a touch-football game that got a little too realistic. His wounds were salved the next day, however, by an announcement from Washington that he had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. His citation read:

"For extraordinary achievement in aerial flight during which exposure to enemy fire was probable and expected. Flying transport aircraft carrying a normal load, in addition to towing two heavy-loaded gliders, he took off at night for a point 200 miles behind enemy positions in Burma. . . . Due to the proximity of the enemy and the necessity of surprise, the entire flight was made without radio aid, requiring the highest degree of piloting skill to avoid mid-air crashes either with aircraft in the towing unit or other nearby units on the same mission."

THE award to Lewis for his precision flying in Burma probably reminded Washington baseball fans of his last appearance at Griffith Stadium in June 1943. There was a Sunday double-header scheduled that day. Before the first game, Buddy stopped by the Senators' dressing room. Smitten by his first love, he temporarily exchanged his Army sun-tans for baseball flannels and took part in his last fielding and batting practice. He couldn't wait for the games because he was due to report back at his base. But, before leaving, he told George Case, the Senators' centerfielder, that he would stop back for a final bow to Griffith Stadium.

"I'll be back precisely at 4:30, and then it will be 'so long' until the war is over."

"Can you find the field?" Case asked.

"Sure," Buddy replied. "I'll zoom down across centerfield on the dot of 4:30, split the diamond and cross over home plate."

Case was at bat in the fourth inning of the second game. It was just 4:29. Far out beyond the centerfield flagpole, a plane stabbed the blue of the sky. Case grinned, then stepped out of the batter's box to knock the dirt off his spikes. He wasn't taking a chance of having a play in progress when Buddy Lewis waved *adieu* to his old teammates.

The plane seemed to be losing altitude as it approached, and the crowd stirred uneasily. Only the Washington players knew the bit of drama that was in the offing. Most of the crowd had visions of the plane shearing off the centerfield flag pole. Case still stalled for time. The opposing pitcher growled to the umpire about the hold-up.

Just as the scoreboard clock struck 4:30, the huge transport plane roared over the centerfield fence, dipped low over the diamond, then zoomed upward as it passed home plate. Case threw a resin bag high in the air as his own farewell.

Although he is 12,000 miles from Washington, Buddy still has a couple of friends in India with whom he can talk over the old days at Griffith Stadium. One is Capt. Hank Greenberg, ex-Detroit first baseman, who is the athletic officer at a B-29 base of the Twentieth Air Force. The other is Sgt. John Derr, sports editor of the *CBI Roundup*, who used to hold a similar position on Lewis' home-town newspaper in Gastonia, N. C. When he runs into them, the old baseball days don't seem quite so far away.

JOHNNY NO-HIT. This familiar wind-up belongs to Johnny Vander Meer S2c, ex-Cincinnati ace, who has already won five straight games for the powerful Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station team.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey, who threw his shoulder out of place while demonstrating commando tactics to Coast Guardsmen at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., says he's getting more bumps and bruises now than he ever did in the ring. . . . Five members of Germany's 1936 Olympic team have been killed in action in the war. They are **Harbig, Wollke, Murach, Haman** and **Leichun.** . . . **Bob Feller's** shipmates write from the South Pacific that the ex-Cleveland fireballer has worked 47 consecutive innings without permitting a run. . . . **Jay Berwanger,** former University of Chicago football ace, is an instructor on aerial instruments at Lambert Field, St. Louis. . . . A couple of weeks ago we asked what became of **Bob Pastor,** who went to OCS at Miami Beach last winter. He graduated, all right, without the usual fanfare, and has been assigned to Randolph Field as an athletic officer. . . . **Doc Prothro's** son, **Tommy,** an ex-Duke footballer, is serving on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific . . . **Earl Sande,** the handy horseman, and golfer **Walter Hagen** have put in their bids to entertain servicemen overseas.

Sgt. Tommy Loughran is busy taking bows since his heavyweight protege, **Pfc. Dale (Tiny) Fawns,** has been knocking over all comers in the Solomons. Loughran trained the 6-foot-5-inch 241-pound Kentuckian at Parris Island and thinks he is a potential champion. . . . **Pvt. Al Milnar,** who used to pitch for the Browns, is working in G-2 at Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . **Bob Sweeney,** former British Amateur golf champion, has become a flight commander in the RAF . . . . Like her cousin Nick of the Yankees, **Wac Lt. Betty Etten** is playing first base for the Hill Field (Utah) softball team. . . . **Capt. Hal Van Every,** the missing-in-action Minnesota football star, has turned up as a prisoner of war in Germany. . . . **Comdr. Swede Hagberg,** the new Navy football coach, hasn't seen a football game in a year, because he has been looking through a periscope in the South Pacific.

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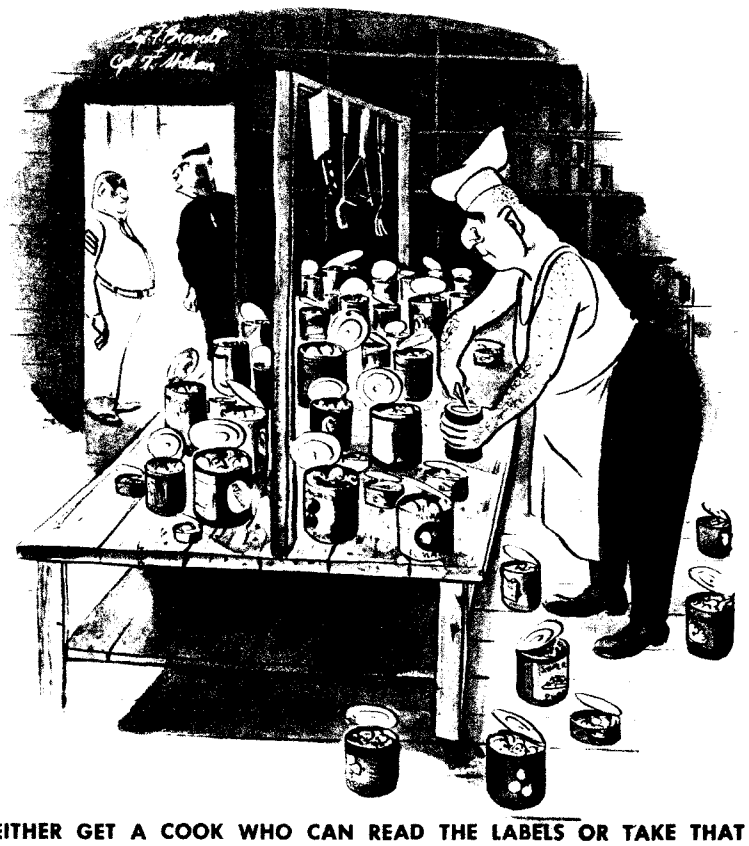
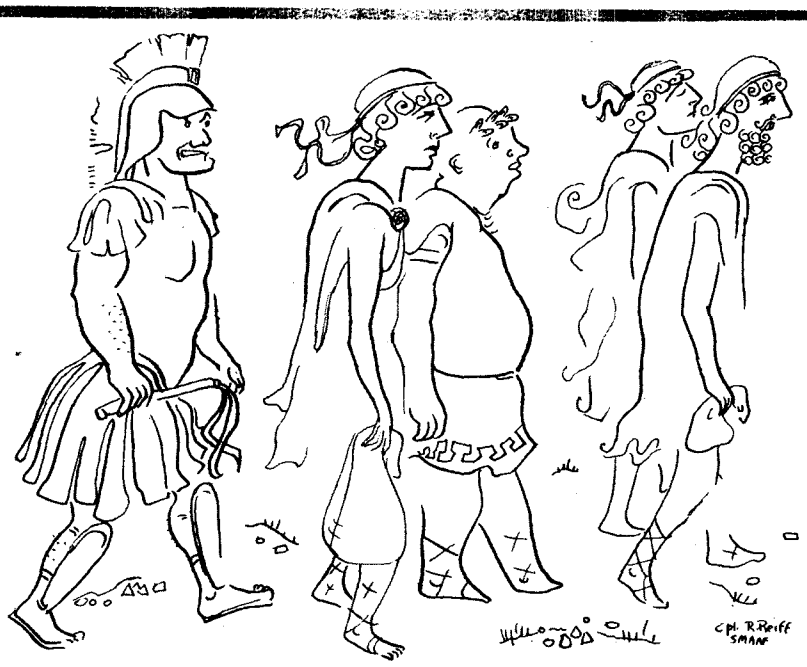


"EITHER GET A COOK WHO CAN READ THE LABELS OR TAKE THAT DAMNED CAN OPENER AWAY FROM HIM."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Cpl. Tom Shehan



"HUT, II, III, IV. HUT, II, III, IV. HUT . . ."
—Cpl. R. Reiff

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

"IN VIEW OF YOUR FINE WORK, SGT. WITT, I'M RECOMMENDING THE OAK LEAF CLUSTER FOR YOUR GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON."
—Cpl. Art. Gates

"IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME, COLONEL, THE WAY THESE LITTLE GIRLIES ALWAYS STEAL THE SHOW."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

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